HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.
Any thing to make our Republic look Ridiculous.

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1872.

☞ WITH this Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY is sent out gratuitously a SPLENDIDLY ILLUSTRATED EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, containing a great variety of new and interesting reading matter, including another installment of GEORGE ELIOT'S "MIDDLEMARCH."

☞ THE opening chapters of the new Serial Story by the Author of "Won—Not Wooed," "Cecil's Tryst," "Bred in the Bone," and other popular novels, entitled

"A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE,"

will be found in this Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY. They give promise of a story of thrilling interest.

## THE PHILADELPHIA PLATFORM.

IN declaring the faith and the purpose of the Republican party we trust that the Philadelphia Convention will be emphatic and wise. Let it remember that the great principle of the Republican party is freedom, and its logical policy in government, therefore, is justice, which secures freedom. "Equal and exact justice to all" is the familiar and tautological maxim of the party, which, more than any party in history, it has reduced to practice. It went into its first campaign with the glorious battle-cry of free men, free speech, free soil. Let Philadelphia remember those inspiring days, that awakening music. How nobly the party has justified its existence, and proved its faith by works! The history of the last twelve years, mingled of grief and glory, is its record. They are years and deeds which pledge every generous member of that party, proud of it as a soldier of his army, to continue its old work in its old spirit, and to justify the mastery which it holds.

The Convention will not forget that it is not the battle of yesterday which wins the victory to-day. There are questions with which the party has not yet fairly grappled with hearty sympathy which are now of paramount importance. A platform must satisfy the demand of the popular mind and heart to-day, and a party is already moribund which thinks that the savor of an old feast will feed a new guest. There are Republican leaders who must understand in time that they do not monopolize wisdom, and that to trust to the follies or the possible weakness of an enemy may be a way to stumble into success, but is not the way to command it. The orator who told his pupil always to fear his audience and always to do his best, had the wisdom with which no party leader can dispense. The Republican party is surrounded by enemies. It is still serenely master of the field. But if it can not discern the signs of the times it will be master no longer.

Let the party adopt what the President has proposed, and relieve him from the false position in which unwise friends have placed him. The country demands, and the party which has begun must approve and confirm, a radical reform of the civil service. The Philadelphia Convention must proclaim it absolutely, unequivocally. When the President recommends it, Senators CARPENTER and CAMERON and MORTON oppose it; and it is said that as they are the President's friends, they oppose with his consent. It is untrue, but it is persistently declared. Senator MORTON, indeed, frankly said in New York that the President had gone farther than some of his best friends approve. Let the Convention apprise Senator MORTON that the President has not gone farther than the party approves. General BUTLER sneers in the House while General GARFIELD affirms the good faith of the President. Let the Republican party declare that not General BUTLER, but General GRANT and General GARFIELD, speak for it upon this subject.

The President has also recommended amnesty, and "some of his best friends" oppose it. There is really very little disability left. Every body may vote, although some leaders of the rebellion are ineligible to office. But what remains is of no use as a punishment or as a stigma. It serves only as a pretense for complaint. It is a source of weakness to the country, not of strength. Moreover, the last Republican platform demanded amnesty just so fast as the public welfare would justify it; and when the delay is a mere irritation and nothing more, the public welfare demands it. Let the Convention follow the President in declaring amnesty. It is the proper crown of its work in subduing the rebellion, and achieving a victory which is unspotted with vindictive blood or severity. It is the victor of Appomattox who proposes amnesty. Let it be the party which held up his strong arms then that seconds his generous heart now.

And with amnesty let the Convention declare for the security of that equality before the law which it has established. Let it require absolute conformity to the law of equality, and permit no discrimination between citizens wherever the law can prevent it. Social relations and companionships the law does not and can not influence. But it is the duty of the Republican party to show that it means what it says. At this Convention, by its hearty support of the principle of Mr. SUMNER'S bill, let it show its resolution to purge the land, so far as law can do it, of the last lingering taint of slavery.

The Convention may proudly point to the reduction of taxation which it has accomplished simultaneously with the diminution of the debt. But while a great revenue must still be collected, and while indirect taxes are most satisfactory to the people, let the Convention remember that freedom, justice, and equality are the party watch-words, and that taxation must be equalized, and industry, so far as practicable, left unfettered.

But the Convention will, of course, be conscious that the Republican platform is Republican performance. It is the condition of the country in every aspect which will be the true appeal of the party. If the nation is sunk in degradation and sinking deeper, as is sometimes alleged, if respect for law is lessening, if honesty has become a name only, the Republican party and its Administration must bear the responsibility. On the other hand, if there is a deep national sense of stability; if industry is every where prosperous and secure; if the debt and taxation are steadily and simultaneously reduced; if investigation has shown the malice of charges of corruption; if reflection reveals the contemptible pettiness of a swarm of objections which are urged against the Administration; if falsehood and slander are seen to have been, and to be, incessantly striving to stab official character and to distort the simplest facts; if exceptions have been constantly magnified into rules, and a spirit of detraction within the party itself has been plainly exposed—then the Republican platform, in declaring justice and economy to be the law of Republican administration, will tell only a truth which the country will recognize.

The Convention need have no fear, nor suppose that the country will be frightened, if its declaration shows that there are some things which the Republican party has yet to do. If there were not, if its only business were to praise its historic deeds, there would be no need of a Convention. Let it point to the past as the earnest of the future. Let it say to the country which for twelve years has heard its voice so gladly, not "See what I have done!" but "See what I am going to do—and follow me!"

## THE PHILADELPHIA CANDIDATE.

A SHORT time since there was no question that the President would be renominated by the Philadelphia Convention. It was assumed by the chief Democratic papers as a foregone conclusion, because, as they alleged, he was the strongest candidate. That was unquestionably the feeling among Republicans. It was that conviction which produced the Missouri call for a meeting at Cincinnati to influence the Convention. It was the same feeling which caused the *Tribune* to say that the two Conventions were wholly distinct, and that those who were welcome at the one would not be welcome at the other. We presume, however, that the editor of the *Tribune* would not now be displeased if the Philadelphia Convention should welcome the Cincinnati candidate. Undoubtedly, it was the general conviction when the year opened that the President would be renominated; and in that expectation the Democratic party was visibly crumbling, and it was felt that the reelection of the President would be the dissolution of that party, and the elimination of the most baneful organized element from our politics.

And why was the renomination of the President believed to be assured? and why was the Democratic party crumbling? Because of the general success of the Administration. The people of the country saw in the President an honest, simple, patriotic man, patiently doing his duty. There was a foolish cry of military despotism, and they saw in the White House one of the plainest and least ostentatious of American citizens; the military hero of the late war indeed: but whoever gravely declared a tendency to military methods in General GRANT'S discharge of his duties showed himself profoundly ignorant of the facts. If Congress thinks fit to protect innocent citizens from Ku-Klux assassins by laws which by some persons are considered to be unconstitutional, it certainly does not follow that General GRANT inclines to be a military dictator. Passing from the President, these people saw also that national condition which has become a proverb. Confidence restored; industry active and secure; prosperity every where increasing; taxation reduced; the debt diminishing; every citizen conscious that the Government would defend his liberty; the name of the nation respected beyond precedent; a country in which the scars of the fiercest war were disappearing more rapidly than ever before in history.

The chief of a civil Administration of which these things could be truly said—a chief who as leader of the armies had preserved the government and saved civilization upon this continent, and who had sheathed his sword as modestly as WASHINGTON, was the spontaneous choice for reelection of the mass of the party which had first elected him. Troubles, meanwhile, and dissatisfactions had arisen. In a government by party they are inevitable. They have always existed in our politics—never more positively than in the time of WASHINGTON. But the trouble would not have taken serious form except for the fact of the evident dissolution of the Democratic party, which was the crowning proof of the success of the Administration. Under such circumstances there was a possibility of an alliance between a few Republicans and the mass of the Democrats, which might overthrow the Republican party and take possession of the government. And this is the enterprise which has begun at Cincinnati.

This being the situation, the question is, whether the feeling in regard to the renomination was false and groundless. On the contrary, there is no serious doubt that the President is to-day the positive preference of the enormous majority of Republicans for reelection. There are those who say that he is the only Republican who can not be elected; but those who say so merely express their own bitter feelings, and can name no man who could be wisely substituted for him. If the Philadelphia Convention should pass him by, whom would it name? It is easy to mention honored Republicans and able men. But we must consider the situation. If it were gravely proposed to set aside the President, it would be because it was believed that the Cincinnati movement has shown itself to be menacingly strong, and because it was felt that it must be propitiated. Yet if this were the reason, and no other could be suggested, the argument for adopting Mr. GREELEY would be irresistible, and his nomination would make the Philadelphia Convention as ridiculous as it has made that at Cincinnati.

Plainly, if General GRANT is to be set aside to reclaim the Cincinnati Republicans, the way to secure the result is to accept the man whom the Cincinnati Republicans declare to be their preference. If Philadelphia proposes to surrender its candidate because of the strength of Cincinnati, Cincinnati will certainly not agree to begin again. It will insist that its man is in the field, that he is a recognized Republican, and that he is proved to have a stronger individual support than any chance Republican who might be named. But it is useless to speculate; for, unless we are wholly deceived, the National Republican Convention is as likely to nominate General BLAIR as Mr. GREELEY. If, then, General GRANT should be abandoned, and some other Republican than Mr. GREELEY be nominated, would he withdraw? He has said that if there are two Republican tickets and a Democratic ticket, he will support that one of the Republican nominations which has the best chance of success; and that if, as he hopes, there are two Republican tickets only, he will support that which promises to do what Cincinnati proposes. But as there will be, in any event, two Republican nominations, it is very evident which Mr. GREELEY will support. He is not likely to believe the ticket which he heads to be the weakest.

The duty of the Philadelphia Convention is plain. It is to nominate the candidate whom the great majority of Republicans prefer. In 1864 there were some Republicans, and Mr. GREELEY and his friend Mr. JOHN COCHRANE were among them, who thought that ABRAHAM LINCOLN ought to be set aside, and Mr. COCHRANE was nominated for Vice-President at Cleveland. But the Republican party said, "No: ABRAHAM LINCOLN has served his country well. We have tried him, and he is true. We'll try him again." It is a lesson for the day.

## A WORD WITH SOME REPUBLICANS.

THERE are honorable Republicans who looked to the Cincinnati Convention with the highest hope. They think that old issues are healed; that it is impolitic to revert to them; that the present Administration is controlled by bad men, or, at least, by counselors who neither represent the high aims nor command the confidence of the best part of the party; that the party has grown prosperous and careless; and that if General GRANT should be re-elected the course of affairs would be only from bad to worse. They point to Mr. SUMNER and Mr. SCHURZ and Mr. TRUMBULL as honest, representative men, and declare that they feel safe with such leaders, while they have little trust in such chiefs as Mr. MORTON, Mr. CAMERON, and Mr. CHANDLER. But these Republicans forget that it is unjust to select three or four men from either side in a political contest, and insist upon them as types of the whole.

But however this may be, the Convention was held. These Republicans have read its story. Will they tell us whether Mr. SUMNER, Mr. SCHURZ, and Mr. TRUMBULL were really influential at Cincinnati? and whether the Convention was not managed by precisely such gentlemen as they believe Messrs. MORTON, CAMERON, and CHANDLER to be? The masters of the Convention are perfectly well known. And whatever may be the composition and conduct of the Philadelphia Convention, it can not possibly be an assembly less deserving the confidence of honest Republicans than that at Cincinnati, nor can its action be a more shameful and unprincipled intrigue. There was a loud cry for civil service reform, but some of the most conspicuous of the Cincinnati leaders are notoriously as contemptuous enemies of any reform as General BUTLER. It was especially the Convention of the revenue reformers. Is Mr. GREELEY their representative?

The Republicans of whom and to whom we speak may be dissatisfied with many things in the present Administration; and in these columns we have not hesitated to criticise much that seemed to us unwise. But we assert that neither the men who controlled the Convention at Cincinnati nor the candidate whom they nominated offer the least ground of hope that the errors which may have been committed would be avoided. It is in vain to say that the Convention sprang from an honest dissatisfaction, from a high aspiration, from a noble resolve, for we need not deny it. But the important thing to know is whether that aspiration and resolve controlled it and are expressed in its results. Let the record answer. Let those who were present answer. And if we could successfully summon the secret consciousness of all its authors, including its president, we would challenge that to answer whether the nomination of HORACE GREELEY and GRATZ BROWN was in any degree whatever the promise of the fulfillment of that high hope and generous resolution. Those who planned the voyage may have meant to sail for the happy isles, but those who took possession of the ship mean to head for Cowes and a market.

The Republicans who hoped for a great result from the Cincinnati Convention will doubtless judge the situation frankly. There might have been a convention there so strong in the characters of its real managers and of the candidates it nominated, and in the evident sincerity of its platform, that such Republicans would have felt that they could have no doubt, and must support it to the end either to victory or defeat. That is not now the case. For in what particular are the Cincinnati chiefs, open or secret, different from the usual managers of conventions, and what assurance of reform do such names convey to Republicans who think of leaving their party because of mismanagement? What, also, is the meaning of the platform when put forward by such chiefs, or the probable action of the candidates whom they nominate? The Cincinnati Convention in its result does not express any high aspiration, but the wretched personal disappointments and revenges of some Republicans. That is not the feast to which honorable men were invited; and in supporting its action they will serve not the welfare of the country, but the plans of distempered leaders.

Whatever may be the result, the nomination of Mr. GREELEY was the proof of the total failure of the movement from which the Convention sprang. The intrigues by which the result was procured have been fully exposed. The Convention called to secure greater purity of administration was captured and controlled by the most notorious political jobbers and strikers, who desire economy and purity in administration precisely as the bounty-jumpers during the war desired a Union victory. It is true that the journals of some of the gentlemen who were most sorely cheated at the Convention boldly propose to support the nominations. But we can hardly believe that those gentlemen do not really think Mr. GREELEY to be the one man in the Republican party who is most felicitously unfit for President.

It is for the Republicans to whom we speak to decide whether they will join hands with General BLAIR and the Democrats, whether they will fall into line and march, not in the hope with which the Cincinnati Convention

was called, but in the light of its actual history, to the overthrow of the Republican party and all the chances that lie beyond. "I believe," said FREDERICK DOUGLASS at New Orleans, eloquently addressing the men of his race—"I believe that the Republican party is the deck, all else is the sea."

## THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

THE Democratic Convention has been called to meet at Baltimore on the 9th of July, and there is a great deal of speculation as to its probable action. The question is whether it will ratify the Cincinnati nomination. It is a question which makes a man rub his eyes as he reads it. Will the Democratic party nominate HORACE GREELEY for President? Are we to hear Democratic orators gravely demanding purity of administration and advocating HORACE GREELEY? The inevitable laugh would seem to be dangerous to the chances of success. We are indignantly told, however, that a candidate can not be laughed down. Very possibly. But whoever should see a huge banner hanging from Tammany Hall and inscribed, "Regular Democratic nomination: for President, HORACE GREELEY, of New York," may at least be permitted to smile.

We are aware that desperate cases demand desperate remedies, and the case of the Democratic party is certainly desperate. It was somewhat so when it thought of nominating Mr. CHASE in 1868. But Tammany would not have thought of him had he been already nominated as a Republican of any kind, as Mr. GREELEY has been. And it is that very nomination which now inclines the Democratic party toward him. General BLAIR is understood to have worked zealously for the result at Cincinnati. Many Democratic papers have declared for Mr. GREELEY. Privately every body has heard the most orthodox Democrats cry, "Hurrah for GREELEY!" The *World* insists that at least until he is nominated it may argue that he ought not to be, as if suspecting a resistless tendency in its party to accept him as a candidate. And that excellent Democrat Mr. BENJAMIN WOOD, familiar to all New Yorkers for his patriotic devotion and absorbing passion for the purification of politics, remarked at a meeting of a Democratic club, when warmly praising Mr. GREELEY, that "in an interview he explicitly stated to me that he would not leave the field because of any nomination made at Philadelphia, but that the failure of the Democratic Convention to indorse him might effect this." Mr. WOOD drew the moral which his friend Mr. GREELEY implied, that if the Democrats did not accept him he would probably turn them over to sure defeat.

The Democratic Convention can nominate regular Democratic candidates, or it may select a man like Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, who has no strong party sympathies, or it may ratify Mr. GREELEY'S nomination, or it may decide to make no nomination. The last course would be a formal dissolution of the party, and will hardly be adopted. To nominate Mr. ADAMS would paralyze the party enthusiasm, upon which so much depends; while Mr. ADAMS himself would be seriously weakened if he were the regular Democratic candidate. Many would have voted for him had he been nominated at Cincinnati who would not support him under the new circumstances.

Should Mr. GREELEY be nominated by the Democratic Convention, he would not be so strong a candidate as many suppose. The theory of his strength in that position is, that he would be supported by the entire Democratic vote and the whole Cincinnati disaffection. But this seems to us a misapprehension. The great bulk of his Republican support would disappear if he were the formal Democratic candidate. Republicans would understand that the necessary bargains that must follow such a nomination to make its success even probable would be a betrayal of their principles and traditions. And while the Republicans withdrew, the nomination of a Republican by the Democratic Convention could only be interpreted as a virtual dissolution of the party. Its conservative element would in a body support the certainty of prosperous stability with General GRANT rather than the wild chaos of the future upon which the election of Mr. GREELEY would usher the country. The Democratic Convention could not well hold its party if it nominated Mr. ADAMS; it would inevitably disperse it if it nominated Mr. GREELEY.

There is another view which the Cincinnati gentlemen may well ponder. The spectacle of HORACE GREELEY and a following of angry Republicans combined with the late rebels and the Copperhead organization to defeat General GRANT and the Republican party would excite an indignation and disgust in the patriotic heart of this country, in which the wounds and terrible memories of the war and the struggle which led to it are still fresh and sacred, so profound that there would be another uprising of the loyal people which would carry GRANT as triumphantly into the Presidency as he and they carried the Union army to victory. One of the fatal errors at Cincinnati was the supposition that, because the war is over, the war is practically forgotten. Consequently the hold of GRANT upon the heart of the people is not understood. Editors and politicians and people with grudges and dreamers and theorists, and many honest and generous men, easily forget. But the people long and faithfully remember. When the election comes that memory will vote.

The other course open to the Convention is the nomination of regular Democratic candidates, Mr. HENDRICKS, of Indiana, and Mr. BAYARD, of Delaware, for instance, for President and Vice-President; and that is the course which we believe will probably be adopted. The split in the Republican ranks will be considered by the Convention fatal, despite the persuasive whisper of Mr. GREELEY through Mr. BENJAMIN WOOD, and the chance of Democratic success will be thought to be at least fair. Such nominations, also, will retain the conservative element of the party, while they maintain the party organization and spirit. It is undeniable that the ratification of Mr. GREELEY'S candidacy would be terribly demoralizing. It is probable, therefore, that party feeling will carry the Convention and nominate a regular Democratic candidate, either by a Cincinnati yell, as Mr. GREELEY was nominated, or by a rebel yell, as the last Democratic candidate was nominated at Tammany Hall.

## PERSONAL.

IT may be doubted if any reception ever given in New York to a person of high political position, or eminence in any walk of life, was attended by a larger number of representative men than was the reception given to Mr. ALEXANDER TAYLOR on the evening of the 8th inst. at the Union League Club, prior to his departure for Europe. It was the first occurrence of the kind, on a large scale, that has taken place in New York, and was a brilliant success. It could not have been more so, for among the thousand gentlemen present were the notable men of the metropolis—merchants, bankers, men of letters, artists, dramatists, lawyers, doctors, etc., etc. It was a hearty expression of regard toward one who combines the qualities of the true gentleman and thorough man of affairs.

—Mr. PRESTON POWERS, a son of the sculptor, was recently married in Florence to Miss DYER. Young POWERS is the only one of his children who has inherited enough of his father's artistic nature to induce him to take up the same profession. He works in "pop's" studio, and has chiseled out several works of merit.

—Senator WILSON, of Massachusetts, says of the series of letters written by JAMES BROOKS to the Portland *Advertiser* in 1832: "I shall never forget what those letters were to me. The first I had ever read, they came to me in my obscurity and poverty as the revelation of an unknown and wonderful life. They made me want to go to Washington. They made me feel that I must go there, and see the men and witness the national scenes which I read about in those letters." At the time Mr. BROOKS wrote those letters he was only twenty years old. WILSON was of the same age, but was poor and a cordwainer.

—The London *Times* is pleased to say, while announcing the presentation of Miss NELLIE GRANT to the Queen, on the 24th of April, that "the lady of the highest place in America has thus commenced her acquaintance with England and the English." That matter may, therefore, now be regarded as settled.

—JOHN BRIGHT, in a letter to a friend in Birmingham, says: "I am much better, and have come up just to see if I can stand a little of the bustle of London, and an hour or two now and then in the House of Commons."

—BAYARD TAYLOR once called on HUMBOLDT, who, after a cordial reception, said, "You have traveled much, Mr. TAYLOR, and seen many ruins, and now you see another." "Not a ruin," replied TAYLOR, "but a pyramid." Good.

—ALEXANDRE DUMAS has recently become rich by speculation, and is considered the richest literary man of his age in Paris. His present opinion is that fortune is better than fame, and that most men, after forty, find it so and confess it.

—The ladies of the flower charity for the hospitals of New York make their annual appeal for gifts of flowers, to be left on Tuesday and Saturday mornings at 239 Fourth Avenue, up stairs. We know many of the ladies, and we know how faithfully their work is done, and how grateful to the suffering are the blossoms and flowers. In this gentle way the beauty of spring and summer, which they can not see, comes to them and leaves a blessing. Blessed are the merciful! But none deserve the benediction more than those who cheer in this beautiful way the hearts of the poor and sick and dying.

—Mr. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT and Mr. EDWIN BOOTH will be the prominent speakers at the inauguration of the SHAKSPEARE monument on the 23d inst. The former will deliver an address; the latter will recite a passage from the great poet. A semicircular platform capable of seating a thousand invited guests will be constructed, and music by THEODORE THOMAS'S orchestra will make the melody. The statue, by J. Q. A. WARD, is of bronze, and will cost $20,000.

—The *Levant Times*, of April 10, printed at Constantinople, publishes a detailed account of the reception of General SHERMAN by the Sultan, the neat address delivered to his Majesty by our minister, the Hon. GEORGE H. BOKER, the Sultan's reply, the subsequent military and naval reviews, the breakfast, and subsequent hilarities. Mr. BOKER'S allusions to General SHERMAN were so nicely worded that we quote them: "It is with great pleasure that I present to your Imperial Majesty the distinguished gentlemen who are now in the presence of your Majesty. Your Majesty's own deep interest in the welfare of our country, and the anxiety with which your Majesty watched our career during the war of the rebellion, have undoubtedly made your Imperial Majesty acquainted with the illustrious deeds of General SHERMAN. The narrative of his connection with the army of the United States is a record of a long series of glorious actions, undimmed by a single defeat, culminating in that wonderful campaign known as 'the march from the mountains to the sea,' which paralyzed the very heart of the rebellion and made the destruction of its dying embers an easy task. The ablest critics have pronounced this crowning feat of General SHERMAN'S arms to be one of the most astonishing achievements in military history, as his countrymen have recognized it to be one of those few great movements on which turned the fortunes of our long and bloody war. It would, perhaps, be embarrassing to our modest soldier if I should express in his presence the gratitude for his services which fills the heart of every loyal American. I may safely leave his fame to history, and confine myself to presenting to your Imperial Majesty, in whom we recognize a warm and consistent friend of the United States, a gentleman who was one of the foremost champions of the Union, and is now the commander-in-chief of its armies."

—PAULINE LUCCA, who is to be the chief attraction at the Academy of Music next autumn, is one of the most remarkable *artistes* on the lyric stage. Originally a chorus singer, she has risen to the first rank of singers, not so much by perfection of style, in which she is rather deficient, as from a voice of great richness and power, and from her acting, which is of the very highest order. She is equally good in tragic and comic parts.

—The Legislature of Massachusetts proposes to provide statues, in marble or bronze, of JOHN WINTHROP and SAMUEL ADAMS, to be placed in the National Gallery at Washington, and appropriates $30,000 therefor.

—Ex-Governor E. D. MORGAN made himself responsible for the $13,700 required to pay for one of the bronze groups on the monument over ABRAHAM LINCOLN at Springfield, Illinois, he having first obtained the signatures of 137 gentlemen for $100 each. The order for the group is now on the way to MEAD, the sculptor, in Florence.

—JACOB HARTMAN, of Reading, Pennsylvania, is one of the remarkable men of his day. He is ninety years old, and has been blind for eighty-seven years; kept tavern forty-five years; was his own bar-keeper, and so expert in the handling of money that any attempt to cheat him was futile. He is the father of ten children, of whom seven are living. He perambulates through Reading without assistance, remembering the streets perfectly; is a good mechanic, having repeatedly taken his clock apart and put it together, and repaired musical instruments.

—ALBONI has reappeared in opera in Paris, with all the wealth of voice so remarkable in her early operatic career. But she is so pinguid! They allude to her as "the elephant with a nightingale in its throat."

—Mr. JOSEPH GILLOTT, more, perhaps, than any man of mechanical fame that ever lived, realized in his own career the truth of BULWER'S famous line,

"The pen is mightier than the sword."

Mr. GILLOTT had a taste for and love of pictures. Since 1845 some of the greatest British artists have flourished, and from all the greatest he bought pictures. At his recent death his gallery contained nearly six hundred examples of all schools. The story goes that when he visited TURNER, the artist would have refused him admittance, but Mr. GILLOTT, who knew TURNER'S weakness, hastened to draw a roll of notes from his pockets, and spreading them in their thousands on the table, said: "I want to change some of our Birmingham pictures for some of yours, Mr. TURNER." It settled it.

—Speaking of prominent members of the House of Representatives, a letter-writer thus photographs Mr. PETERS, of Maine: "Mr. PETERS is that nice, smooth, clean, fresh-looking man talking with the Speaker. Don't you see that group of handsome men midway down the second aisle? Mr. PETERS is the one who is telling a story, to which the others are listening. He attracts a certain class of minds, but there is a sort of exclusiveness about him that keeps the common herd at a distance. Those who come within the radius of his sphere pronounce him a really charming character; he tells the best story, cracks the best joke, drinks the best wine, and adores the ladies. Mr. PETERS always looks as if just from a perfumed bath, with the aroma of sandal-wood and perfumes still around him; he is always scrupulously attired, and represents one of the best types of New England culture and refinement."

—Mr. WILLIAM S. GROESBECK, of Cincinnati, whose name is now so frequently on the lips of politicians, is a lawyer, about sixty years of age, a man of great culture, and one of the ablest and most eloquent men of the West. He is said to possess the largest fortune of any man in Ohio, acquired by inheritance, marriage, and operations in real estate. In person he is more than six feet high, and has a nose like that of the late Duke of Wellington. In religion he is an old-fashioned Presbyterian. Himself a very plain man, the associations of his family are quite aristocratic. Much of his time and thoughts is devoted to religious and social topics. He is not an impassioned or natural orator, and he has not a musical voice; yet his deliberate and well-chosen words and complete mastery of his subject make a deep impression on thoughtful hearers.

—The editor of the Danbury *News* says, "How any unprejudiced man can look upon the present sized penny cake of maple sugar, and claim that the world is growing better, passes our comprehension."

—There is a wonderful disinclination to "stick" on the part of those clergymen who are sent as bishops to the English colonies. A few years of far-off labor make them sigh for old England again, and the result is a touching adieu to the missionary field. For example: Dr. ALFORD, who recently resigned the see of Victoria, Hong-Kong, is now curate of Bowden, Cheshire; Dr. STALEY, late Bishop of Honolulu, is curate of Cuxall, near Tamunth; Dr. JENNER, Bishop of Dunedin, did not give up the living of Preston, in Kent, and holds it still; Dr. BECKLER left the bishopric of Sierra Leone for the incumbency of Berkeley Chapel, Mayfair; Dr. CHAPMAN, late Bishop of Colombo, is rector of Wotten Courtenay, Somerset, a Fellow of Eton College, and a prebendary of Wells Cathedral; the late Bishop of Labuan is vicar of Godmanchester; Dr. NIXON, late Bishop of Tasmania, kept the comfortably endowed vicarage of Bolton Percy till forced to resign by ill health; Dr. RYAN resigned Mauritius, and became an archdeacon in the diocese of Norwich; Dr. ABRAHAMS gave up the bishopric of New Zealand to become Coadjutor-Bishop of Lichfield; and Dr. HOBHOUSE, formerly Bishop of Nelson, New Zealand, is also an assistant of Bishop SELWYN. Dr. TROWER gave up Gibraltar for subdean of Exeter Cathedral, and several other prelates have also found in Britain the personal comforts they failed to obtain in their missionary and zealous days.

—Dr. MARKS has recently delivered in London a lecture on the position of modern Jews. Forty years ago Jews were politically proscribed; now there is scarcely a state in which they are not ministers, not one, except Russia and Spain, in which they have not a kind of preference in the suffrages of the people. The prejudice originally bitterly felt by the masses, and slightly by the upper class, now lingers among the upper class, but has died away utterly in the masses. In England one Jew, by race, leads the opposition, and another is Solicitor-General; in India another, Mr. ELLIS, sits in the Supreme Council; in France a Jew rules the Department of Instruction; in Austria he is president of the Lower House; and in Germany, if Mr. DISRAELI is right as to Count ARNIM, he is the most trusted and influential of Prince BISMARCK'S selected agents. All over Europe Jews are taking possession of the journals. In Italy, Austria, Germany, and many towns of France they are the most acceptable of candidates; and while in England 800,000 Catholics have not a solitary representative, 80,000 Jews have eight members of the House of Commons.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE Congressional work of the past week was very light. In the Senate, May 6, Mr. Sumner again called up the bill to prohibit distinction in the attendance on the public schools of Washington and Georgetown, but the measure was lost. The amendment to the Post-office Deficiency bill to increase the appropriation from $4,700,000 to $5,449,000 was agreed to. An amendment by Mr. Morton to abolish the franking privilege after January 1 was laid on the table by a vote of 29 to 22. The Appropriation bill for the Pacific Mail Steamship line, increasing the amount to $1,000,000, passed the Senate, with slight amendments, May 7. The subsidies to several other lines were also increased. In the House, on the same day, the enacting clause of the Tariff bill was stricken out, and the bill recommitted, with instructions to have it amended so as to reduce duties ten per cent. on present rates. The Amnesty and Civil Rights bills were both defeated in the Senate May 9.

The House passed the Fortification bill, May 10, appropriating $1,985,000 for the better defense of harbors on the coast. The duty on pig-iron was reduced ten per cent.

Semi-official advices from Washington declare that the *Alabama* negotiations with Great Britain are still in progress—all reports to the contrary notwithstanding—and there is a strong probability that the treaty will be saved without compromising the national honor.

It is said that the Attorney-General is actively engaged in bringing Mayor Hall to trial on fresh indictments to be found by the present Grand Jury.

The majority and minority reports of the Committee on the Book Concern were presented to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church May 6.

The Local Option Liquor bill failed in the State Senate May 7.

The new charter for New York city, amended so as to prohibit appropriations to sectarian schools, passed in the Assembly May 7.

In the New York Assembly, May 10, the managers of the impeachment trial of Judge Barnard were elected, and a resolution was passed instructing them to carry to the Senate the articles of impeachment.

The National Democratic Committee held a meeting in New York May 8, and resolved to hold the next Presidential Convention in Baltimore on the 9th of July.

The regular Republicans of New Hampshire held a State Convention at Concord May 8, and indorsed Grant and Wilson for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency.

Niblo's Theatre, in New York, was entirely destroyed by fire May 6. The total loss was about $300,000.

The so-called "Social Reformers," meeting at Apollo Hall, in New York, May 10, nominated Victoria C. Woodhull for President and Frederick Douglass for Vice-President of the United States.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

THE report of the French Committee on Capitulations censures the generals who commanded at Toul, Laon, and Soissons for neglecting to spike their guns when they surrendered.

Two hundred and fifty Communists, sentenced for various terms of imprisonment, and, since their trial, confined in the fortifications on the isle of Aix, sailed for New Caledonia, in the South Pacific, May 6.

Marshal Bazaine has surrendered himself to the government at Versailles to await his trial by court-martial.

The Municipal Council of Paris has determined to rebuild the Hôtel de Ville, destroyed by the Communists.

In the House of Commons, May 7, a resolution introduced by Mr. Gordon, member for Glasgow and the Aberdeen universities, providing that the Scriptures form part of the instruction in the schools, was carried against the government by a vote of 216 to 209.

Melbourne has suffered severely from great floods. Four hundred persons were drowned, and a large amount of property was destroyed.

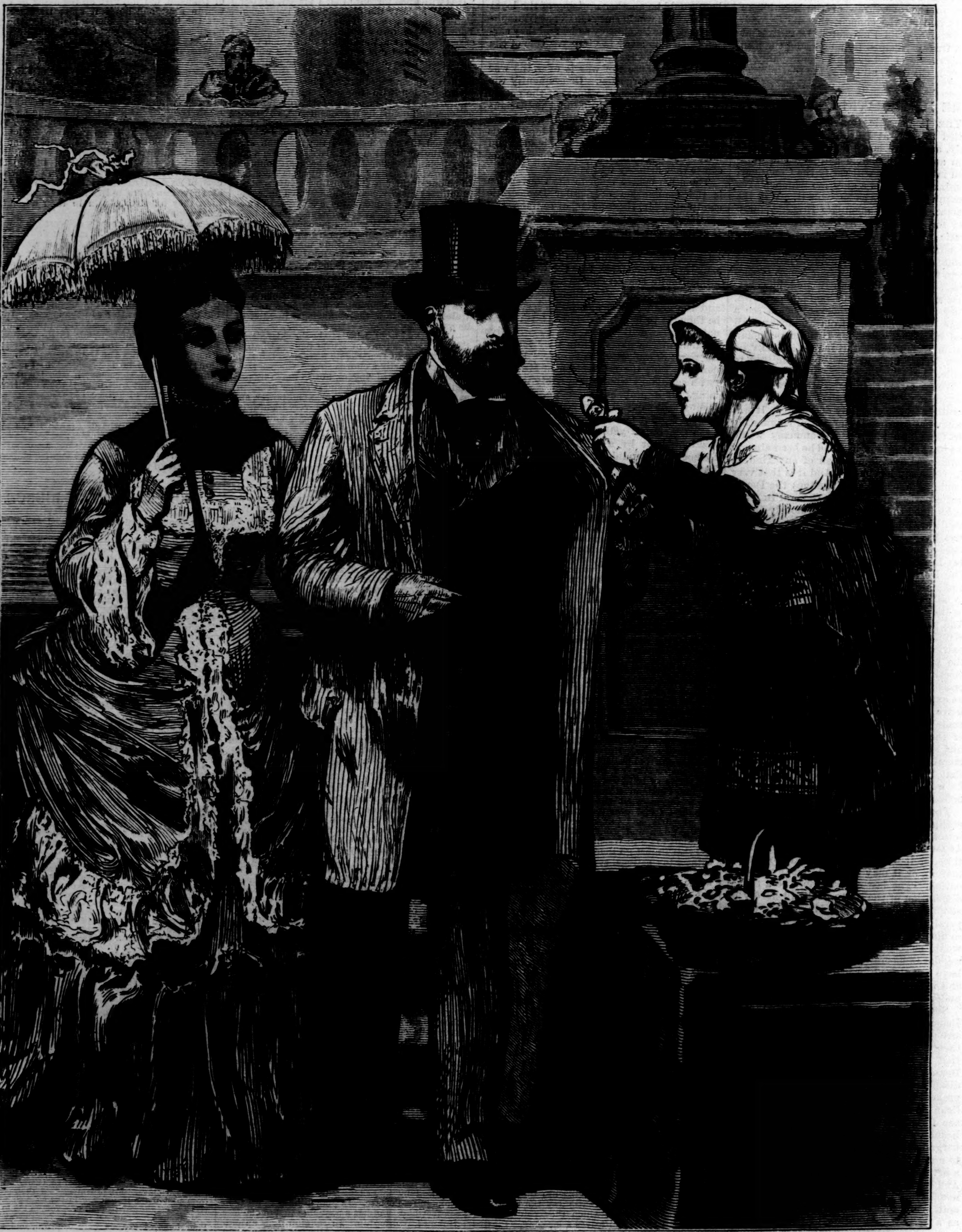
Terrible floods have visited the southern part of British India, causing great loss of life and property. In the town of Ellore, in the Presidency of Madras, it is estimated that one thousand persons were drowned. All the houses, goods, and possessions of the 15,000 inhabitants of the place were swept away, leaving them completely destitute.

Prince Bismarck is again in ill health. His physician insists on his giving up all his diplomatic and ministerial cares, and predicts serious consequences if his advice is not followed. He has accordingly retired to his estates.

In Spain 3500 insurgents have surrendered to the loyal troops. Marshal Serrano shoots all deserters from the government ranks whom he captures among the Carlists.

The recent prohibition of an Internationalist meeting on Sunday by the police of Copenhagen caused intense excitement among the members of the association. Large numbers gathered in the streets, and denounced the government in the most violent terms. They were finally dispersed by the police.

A terrible explosion of petroleum and gunpowder has taken place in Tripolitza, Greece. Twenty persons were instantly killed, and many wounded.



ROME—THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AND THE IMPORTUNATE FLOWER GIRL.

## THE ROMAN FLOWER GIRL.

During the recent visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales in Rome an artist, Mr. S. Hall, witnessed the scene which forms the subject of the accompanying illustration. Nothing is sacred to the importunate Roman flower girl. Her appeals, delivered in that musical Southern language, are addressed with equal impartiality and perseverance to the reddest disciple of Mazzini, to the stoutest upholder of the Pope's temporal power, to the speculator from New York, who has made a good thing out of Erie or petroleum, and is now spending his gains in a European tour, or to princes and princesses in search of health and recreation. According to her simple philosophy, all these personages are merely creatures endowed with pockets containing specimens of various silver and copper coins, and her sole aim is to extract a portion of the metallic deposit for her own benefit.

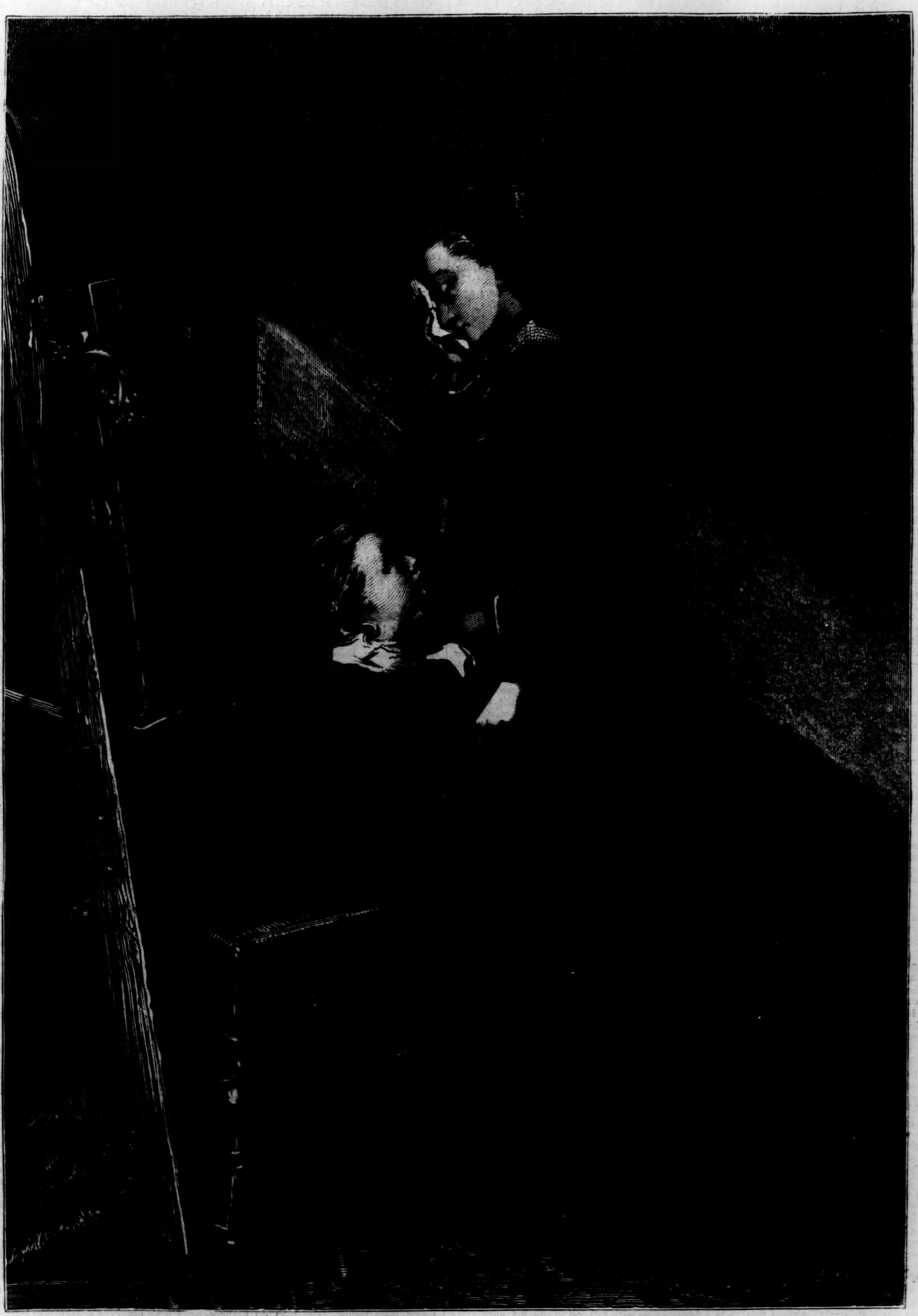
The Prince and Princess seem to have had a very pleasant time in Rome. At first the weather was miserable, and the Princess had to go about in a close hired carriage, but after a while the sun shone out, and a bracing wind dried the streets. The Princess's pretty face every where gained her general admiration, while the Prince had the boldness to invite Liberals and Vaticanians to dine together at his table, and managed by his genial hospitality and his wife's charming manners, in spite of the discordances of local politics, to keep every body in tolerable good humor.

## A FATAL GAS.

In volcanic regions springs and wells of carbonic acid gas are not unfrequent, forming part of the geological formation, like the springs and wells of petroleum in certain districts of this country. The Dogs' Grotto, near Naples, enjoys a world-wide reputation for evil. It displays the fact that carbonic acid gas is so much heavier than air that it lies on the ground like a pool of water. The gas flows out over the threshold of the door, and runs like a brook down the path leading up to the grotto. In calm weather a lighted candle plunged into the stream near its point of exit is immediately extinguished.

While M. Boussingault was exploring, in 1831, the equatorial craters of South America, he was taken to a spot where animals can not remain with impunity, namely Tunguravilla, at a short distance from the volcano Tungurua. "Our horses," he says, in his narrative, "gave us unmistakable notice that we were approaching it by refusing to obey the spur, and jerking their heads in a way most unpleasant to the rider. The earth was strewn with dead birds; one of them, a magnificent cock-of-the-woods, was eagerly picked up by our guides. Among the victims were several reptiles and a multitude of butterflies. The sport was abundant, and the game not too high. An old Indian, Quichua, who accompanied us, said that when you want to sleep long and peaceably, you ought to make your bed on the Tunguravilla."

Two springs of carbonic acid are so abundant



"SWEET MY CHILD, I LIVE FOR THEE."—[From the Picture by Madame Bisschop.]

as to give rise to accidents in the open fields. One is on the banks of Lake Laacher, by the Rhine, the other not far from Aigueperse, in Auvergne. The gas rises from slight hollows in the ground, around whose brink vegetation is luxuriant, in which insects and small animals run to cover and are suffocated. Their bodies attract birds, which perish in like manner. Then come the shepherds, who, aware of the danger, secure the game with long hooked sticks, and make heavy bags without expending powder or shot.

In the Middle Ages the effects of this gas in cellars, mines, wells, and grottoes set people's imaginations to work. Such spots were guarded by dragons, demons, gnomes, genii, keeping watch over hidden treasures, and inflicting death on the presumptuous intruder by the mere glance of their terrible eyes. To what other cause could such deaths be attributed? For the sufferers invariably bore no wound, bruise, discoloration, or other trace of violence, and popular superstition attributed the cause to supernatural agency. Science has dispelled many illusions of this character, which were once accepted as facts by the learned as well as the ignorant.

## SWEET MY CHILD, I LIVE FOR THEE.

The picture from which this engraving was taken was painted by an English lady who is married to a German. The subject and title were suggested by Tennyson's charming and pathetic ballad which we quote below:

Home they brought her warrior dead:
  She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry:
All her maidens, watching, said,
  "She must weep or she will die.

Then they praised him, soft and low,
  Call'd him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe;
  Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
  Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face;
  Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
  Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
  "Sweet my child, I live for thee."

# A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "Won—Not Wooed," "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER I.

### AT THE MITRE.

It is early summer and early morning in the most picturesque of English cities—Oxford. Nobody is astir in the gray streets; the heavy college gates, and even the small posterns cut in them (for the admission of gay young under-graduate dogs after hours), are as yet fast closed. The parks and pleasure-grounds are all deserted, under whose stately trees so many generations of youth have dreamed their day-dreams. The quads, with their trim lawns, which have echoed for centuries to boyish laughter, are silent. The plaintive caw of the half-awakened rooks, as the swaying elm-tree rocks them, alone is heard, save the voice of Time itself—the Guardian Time, who here holds all things in its solemn keeping. First the four musical quarters, and then the five beats of the iron tongue. From a score of ancient churches issue the same warning sounds, and silence reigns again, more indisputably than ever. In other places, at such an hour, Time's voice seems to make solemn protest: "A quarter gone; two; three; four. Another *hour*, poor mortals, from the sum of your days; and yet you spend it sleeping!" But Time is at home here, and does not preach. What need for preaching in a place where every stone is a sermon? Other cities have withstood sieges; other cities have brought forth martyrs; other cities (not many) can date their origin from earlier ages. But this one is far more venerable (save to the mere antiquary) as being that city in which the years of man, in place of being threescore years and ten, are three, or if (by reason of idleness or stupidity) they reach to four years and over, the surplus age is labor and sorrow, and its end a bathos.

To dwell here even a year after one's fellows have departed (except the College Fellows) is to feel old indeed. To return here after a few years is to experience the feelings of Rip Van Winkle. *Alma Mater* is a hard mother, though she spoils her children. "Come," she says, "eat, drink, and be merry in this pleasant place; for what saith the Preacher: 'Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes.'" And the young men obey her gladly. But when three years, or four at most, are over, she saith: "Arise, and go into the world, and return hither no more: but make way for others."

To how many has she thus been the home and *the grave* of joy! How many have spent with her their "palmy days"—their only ones—and found the world the harder for the contrast! How many, in bidding good-by to her, have bidden good-by to Comfort, Ease, Light-heartedness, and taken Want and unrewarded Toil as their companions through life's long journey in their place! Even the rich leave here their blithest days behind, and with them but too often the open hand, the tender heart, soon to be closed and hardened by the consciousness of "great possessions." For, while here, rich and poor are alike (or nearly so), and Liberty, Equality, Fraternity for one brief epoch reign, no shadowy triumvirate. O golden youth! O happy time! never, never to return again: each clock-tongue seems its knell.

Such thoughts, or thoughts like these, are passing through the mind of Arthur Tyndall as he stands at the corner of a silent street and looks at his old college—left some five years back, which seem to him a century. He can not help entertaining them (though in a particular rather than a general way), notwithstanding that he is by no means given to sentiment. He has been to the ends of the earth since he dwelt yonder, and has witnessed, and doubtless taken part in, reckless doings. His face, which was here as fair as a girl's, has had the tropic sun upon it; his hands, here hardened only by the oar, have made acquaintance with the spade, the gun, the sail; his beard is grown, and hangs low over his broad chest. But for the moment he is a boy again. Scenes of light-hearted mirth and wild high spirits, quite different from the saturnalia of his later days, are recurring to him: the noon of friendship and the dawn of love. He has his friends still, and one the same that was his dearest friend at college, Jack Adair. Jack and he were always one, though so different in position and character. Hard-working, steady Jack had always had his own way to make in the world, while for Arthur it had been ready made, or seemed to be so. What a fool had he been to anger the governor by his extravagance, and then to run such a muck abroad that when the poor old man deceased and left him all, it had been almost all discounted beforehand. If he had only known that Swansdale would have been his own so soon; and even now, if it was not so heavily dipped— Here Arthur Tyndall stroked his beard and sighed. In disinterring his dead past he had come upon a regret which had some life in it; or if dead, it had a ghost which haunted him.

One, two, three, four, five, six—a single chapel bell begins to ring with importunate shrillness, and footsteps are heard in the High Street, though every shutter is still closed. Two under-graduates in "flannels," with towels in their hands, are going to the river to bathe. They might have been Jack and he, six years ago. *They* used to bathe a good deal, and go down the river a good deal in those days; which latter thing it was natural enough to do, since Swansdale Hall was on the river, and Jack was almost as welcome there as himself. He had not seen the old place for near six years, however. There would be change, no doubt, in it; and people change even more than places. So much the better, sometimes, when they do. Again he strokes his soft brown beard, and sighs, this time articulately, "I wonder whether Jenny is married." Then, "Bah! what does it matter? I'm a nice fellow to grow faint with romantic memories. I wonder what Allardyce's opinion would be upon that subject, or Jack's (no, not Jack's—Jack is soft himself), or any body else's who knows me. There goes the quarter. We were to breakfast at six sharp. That excellent old lady will be saying, 'Ellen, your Harthur's late.' Poor Helen! Well, I dare say I shall make a good husband, as husbands go: only somehow I wish she wasn't quite so fond of me. I wonder whether Jenny will be at the inn as usual."

This last reflection was made at the very threshold of the *Mitre*, but it was not *that* inn to which he referred. At that respectable hotel were located at present Mrs. Somers and her daughter Helen, to whom he was betrothed; and a very pretty girl she was—for a blonde. It is one of the many evidences of the false and feeble frivolity of the days on which we have fallen that dark women try to become of light complexion. It would be bad enough if the case were *vice versa*, but there would at least be some reason in it. "Black for beauty, chestnut for"—well, for many excellent things, no doubt—for prettiness, softness, gentleness, and high breeding, for example—but *not* for beauty. Helen Somers was at least a *bona fide* blonde; her hair was her own—at least some of it—not dyed nor "tinted;" her complexion, which was pure and soft as milk, owed nothing to the perfumer's art; her features were a trifle large, but then she was altogether on a large scale (as all noble creatures are), and every feature was perfect of its kind. Her eyes were blue, but by no means of an insipid blue; they could flash like a sword, if need were, and even on trifling provocation. Do not, however, picture to yourself a virago. As she rises from her chair at the open window of the sitting-room (where she has been watching) to welcome the man she loves she has a charming air. "A Juno with the chill off," Jack Adair once called her, when discussing her with his friend, quite unconscious of the latter's *design* to be her Jupiter; but, indeed, he did her less than justice. You might walk for a week in any English town save London, and all over the Continent for the term of your natural life, without meeting so fair a sight in the way of womankind as Helen Somers. Her misfortune was that at present she was always coupled in public with that stately dame, her mother; and the conclusion to which the reflective mind at once leaped, upon beholding them together, was that the daughter, in what might be very literally termed "the fullness of time," would develop into just such another as her mamma. *She* was a Juno with a vengeance, and "with the chill off" even in the coolest of weathers. *Her* complexion had, from long standing, turned from milk to cream. She was not only on a large scale, but on the largest—the same as that on which the Ordnance Survey used to be, when it was jobbed by private persons, in order to secure maps of their estates. *Her* eyes—well, what there was of them was also blue; but you couldn't always see her eyes. When Jack first beheld her, apprehension on his friend's account is said to have caused him to ejaculate, "The Blonde; or, Twenty Years Hence: in any number of volumes, quarto."

But there was one thing in which Helen Somers would never resemble her mother. Long residence in a colony may cause persons to write little *i*'s instead of big *I*'s; but when you have once got your aspirates, they keep in any climate. Helen would never drop *her h*'s, as "poor dear mamma" dropped hers. This was a fatal blot in the Somers's escutcheon, and the innocent cause thereof was unhappily aware of it. "It's all along of my 'uskiness—there it is again, you see—I mean huskiness; ever since last autumn, when I caught that cold at Emel Emstead." But it was not last autumn, nor the autumn before that, in which Mrs. Somers lost her *h*'s; and, moreover, she often found them when they were not wanted. It was terrible to Helen to hear herself called Ellen; but when her mother talked of "Harthur," her kindred flesh and blood crept and curdled as though a goose were walking over her grave.

Helen was the first of her race who had overcome the difficulties of the aspirate, and she had not only the zeal of the convert—she had the bitterness of the apostate. She was very impatient with the paganism that she had discarded for a more enlightened faith, and abhorred the shocking stories that were afloat about this family failing. There was one dreadful tale extant about Somers *père* with relation to this infirmity. He had been a clerk in the Bank of England, and upon a certain dividend day, being in charge of the letter A only, was worried by an old lady from the country whose name was Lawrence. "Please to give me my dividend, young man," she kept repeating, in that importunate and peremptory tone used only by spinster ladies who *have* dividends. "Go to L," said Mr. Somers, with sharpness, and unhappily making use of the aspirate. Instead of obeying his well-meant direction, she returned to her hotel and wrote a letter of complaint to the chairman and governors of the Bank of England, and Mr. Somers was within a hair-breadth of losing his situation in consequence. He did not lose it, however; and being a prudent man, and having a good head for business, he speculated with his little savings with success. A venture in hops eventually crowned his efforts with a fortune, and he became a gentleman at large. In gratitude to Fortune he took the plant which had befriended him for his crest, and its name (which he understood to be the classical term for wealth) for his motto, and for the rest of his brief existence was familiarly known as *ops* Somers. He died, leaving his widow well-provided for, and his only daughter an heiress.

From that time Mrs. Somers began to "move" in society, at first with difficulty, but as her Helen grew up, with greater ease. The possession of such a transferable treasure made the widow welcome every where. Nobody would have guessed that she had once been a Methodist, and thought tea and shrimps a treat. She had a very stately carriage, and might have easily been mistaken for a duchess, if she had only been dumb. In her daughter the Darwinian theory received a triumphant corroboration. This young lady's grand-parents on both sides had been very inferior specimens of humanity, residing principally at low-water mark; her parents were what we have described them to be; while she herself was a triumph of civilization. She talked French with a good accent; played the harp well, and the piano divinely; and was as well acquainted with English literature as most Lady Marys or Lady Janes—she knew very little about it. Her tastes were what they should be. She liked Blue Blood, though she did not express herself so ecstatically upon the subject as did her mother.

It was this admirable quality—which Arthur Tyndall inherited in perfection from the mother's side, though only in a moderate degree from his father's—that had chiefly influenced Mrs. Somers in his favor. He was not rich; it was well understood that Swansdale was heavily mortgaged; but his family had an excellent position in the county. He had sown his wild oats abroad, which was an immense advantage, and he was now going to "settle down" as a country gentleman. In view of these considerations she had "thrown the young people together" designedly, and with complete success. Helen had fallen in love with Arthur, and, in a well-meaning attempt to extricate her, he had met with a similar fate: it was impossible to resist the despair which his studied coolness begot in those eloquent blue eyes; and besides, as has been said, Swansdale was sadly "dipped." How pleasant was the prospect of regaining all his folly had lost, and more, by one stroke of his pen in a marriage-register! He was too much of a gentleman, however, to put it in that coarse way, even to himself; and as time went on, and this beautiful thing showed her blind attachment toward him more and more, he began to honestly reciprocate it, though in a less passionate manner. They had been engaged for some weeks, and the marriage itself was to take place shortly. In the mean time Arthur had invited Helen and her mother to stay at Swansdale Hall, where Mrs. Ralph Tyndall, his sister-in-law, had promised (with her daughter Blanche) to join them to play the hostess and do "propriety." He had planned a river-voyage for them from Oxford, as the pleasantest means of approaching the Hall, and invited a male friend or two to accompany the little party. He was rather more fond of bachelor society, perhaps, than an engaged man ought to be, and Helen had pouted a little at this unnecessary addition of no less than three "horrid men" to what would have been almost a *tête-à-tête* (since mamma slept a good deal when in the open air); but Arthur had assured her that these fellows would talk to one another, and leave her sweet self and him even more "at liberty" (to cast sheep's-eyes, to press one another's hands beneath the table, and generally "to spoon," he meant) than if they had not been there. In that case, they were welcome enough, whoever they might be. Mr. Adair she knew, but not the Hon. Wynn Allardyce and Mr. Paul Jones. These gentlemen's services, it must be premised, were not required as oarsmen. The river-voyage was to be on board a barge.

"But, good gracious, Mr. Tyndall, won't it spoil our things?" had been good Mrs. Somers's horrified exclamation, when she had been informed of this project. Her imagination had pictured a coal-barge; and even now, in spite of all explanation, she had her misgivings. "Is the barge covered over? Will it be quite empty? I hope, my dear child, it will never devolve upon myself or you to steer?" were questions hazarded that very morning to her daughter, that showed a mind ill at ease respecting this mode of transit.

"My dear mamma," Helen had replied, "how can you be so distrustful of Arthur's sense of what is fitting! Do you suppose he would place us in such a position?"

"I can only say, my love," persisted the dowager, "that women *do* steer in barges; I have seen them often—standing in a hole at the stern, so that only three-quarters of them are visible, and generally with a red cotton handkerchief round their heads. The men do nothing but smoke pipes and swear. A small dog runs from side to side—which of itself would make one very nervous—and barks incessantly."

"There will be neither swearing nor barking on board *our* vessel, mamma; of that you may be sure; though I will not answer for the smoking. Arthur and Mr. Adair are very fond of their cigars, and it would be cruel to deny them that pleasure."

"Very good, my dear; you will do as you think best; though, for my part, I never let your poor father draw a whiff until the last thing at night, and always in the kitchen. 'Arry,' said I, 'I will never let my 'ouse become a pot-'ouse.'"

"Hush, mamma, *please*," said Helen, imploringly, from the open window. "Here is Arthur."

Mrs. Somers cleared her throat apologetically, for she knew from her daughter's tone that its "huskiness" had been more pronounced than usual, and sat down corrected, to make the coffee.

## CHAPTER II.

### TWO NICE YOUNG MEN.

"What a charming day we have!" said Arthur, cheerfully, after an affectionate salutation of his Helen, and a cordial one of her mother. "What wind there is will be with us, so that we shall be at Swansdale a good hour before dinner—if only Jack and the rest are as punctual this morning as you ladies. You are patterns, both of you."

"I've been used to early rising all my life," said the dowager; "that is," she added, correcting herself, "whenever I am in the country I always make a point of it. I love to hear the cock crow, and all that."

Helen raised her perfect eyebrows a hair-breadth. "I think you must mean the lark, dear mamma."

"Nonsense; the lark does not crow, child; but, for the matter of that, I mean all the birds. I dote on birds.—We had a beautiful Poll parrot once, Mr. Tyndall, who was a great pet of *your* pet's" (and here she looked archly toward her daughter); "as tame as a magpie it was; and which we valued greatly, because it was a present from a friend of my poor husband's, who was drowned at sea. Only, whenever it saw a clergyman, it *would* cry out, 'Hooray! now let us pray.' That used to annoy good Mr. Bung so—don't you remember, my dear?—when he was about to ask a blessing."

"Mr. Bung was *not* a clergyman," observed Helen, severely, for (next to those of the aspirate) she was a stickler above all things for the rights and privileges of the Church of England.

"Very true, my dear; but he *thought* he was," contended the old lady, unwilling that her favorite story should be depreciated; "and so did the parrot; so you needn't take one up so sharp."

"Would you like to drive or walk to the river-side, ladies?" inquired the cavalier. "It is but about a quarter of a mile to the place where the barge is moored."

"Oh, let us walk, by all means," cried Helen. "It's beautifully cool, mamma" (for she well knew her parent's objection to pedestrian exercise); "and it isn't really worth while to take a carriage for such a little way."

"As to worth while, my dear," said the old lady, bridling, "pray do not let it be supposed that the money is an object; you need not be so dreadfully economical, I am sure. Mr. Tyndall has been out already this morning, remember, and I dare say has had enough of walking; and since he pays for the barge, or whatever it is, and the provisions and all that, I think the least we can do is to give him a lift."

Arthur laughed good-humoredly, with an amused look at Helen, which went far to mitigate her chagrin at this terrible speech, and assured the old lady that he felt quite equal to walking the quarter of a mile.

"Is your luggage ready?" inquired he.

"All but the directions," said the dowager. "I waited till you came, because I didn't know whether to have 'the Welcome' put on the labels, or 'Swansdale Hall.'"

The idea of labeling luggage from which the proprietors were never to be parted, nor even to lose sight of it for a moment, was absurd enough; but it was in a grave and hasty tone that Tyndall replied: "Oh, not 'the Welcome' certainly. It is true that the things will be taken out there, as being the nearest place to the Hall from the river-side, but somebody will be sent to fetch them. If addressed to 'the Welcome,' the good people at the inn might think we were going to stop there, which would be a disappointment to them."

"That's just like your thought, Harthur," cried the old lady, admiringly. "You are so kind, as I often say to Ellen, to poor folks and such-like, that you will never make a very bad husband."

"Does she maintain I *shall*, then?" inquired Arthur, mischievously.

"Lor, Harthur, how *can* you?" ejaculated the old lady. "There, now, see if you haven't made Ellen downright angry. I shall leave you two together to make it up."

The beautiful Helen was certainly looking somewhat stiff and statuesque, not to say whitemarbly; but no sooner had her mother left the room than she softened like Pygmalion's statue, and, with many a blush and smile, assured her swain that she had never doubted but that he would make the best and dearest husband in the world, and that she only hoped she might be worthy of him. Such extravagant aspirations are not, perhaps, very valuable in any case, by whichever side they are expressed; but it is surely less becoming that they should proceed from Phyllis than Philemon. She may have her faults and foibles, but it is her gentle shepherd who, generally speaking, at least, has more cause for penitence and need of amendment. The animal Man, indeed, though audacious and self-asserting to extremity in books and among fellow-creatures of his own sex, is secretly well aware of this circumstance; and when the angel Woman, with drooping eyelids and folded wings, thus abases herself before him, he has twinges. Mr. Arthur Tyndall had very sincere twinges, I think, for he replied, "My dear Helen, it is you who will have to forgive things, and not I. You remind me of the pictorial advertisement that we saw upon the walls last night of the Queen of the Lions, whose mission, it seems, is to tame the beasts of the forest by her beauty and gentleness, supplemented, I dare say, by an occasional flip with her whip. Doubtless she is not unnecessarily severe upon them, so long as they bear the pressure of her dainty foot

upon their necks submissively, but she never talks of being 'worthy of them.' Now I have been a wildish sort of animal myself, dear—that is, I mean," added he, hastily, at a slight contraction of Helen's white brow, "an untamed one. I've been knocked about a good deal in roughish weather." Here, whether conscious that his metaphors were getting confused, or reminded of some particular storm in which he had thrown over a valuable cargo of morals, Arthur blushed and hesitated. "I've never been used to go twice to church on Sundays, Helen, and all that," he blurted out; "but I do hope I am not a bad fellow at bottom, and that you will never repent having said, 'Yes, Arthur,' in that low sweet tone of yours, which I love to hear better than any music in the world." Here he became inarticulate, and settled, like a bee upon a flower, on her willing lips, with a murmurous um—um—um—um; to which she replied with a pleased pur.

It was the most absurd thing in the world to a looker-on (though the most natural thing possible to the two performers), and that was why the waiter, who entered at that moment rather hastily, was obliged to find an outlet for his mirth in a series of apoplectic coughs, as he set about removing the breakfast things. Helen vanished in an instant. Arthur remained at the open window, staring at an ecclesiastical edifice, and muttering such anathemas against the inopportune intruder as could have been invented only in the first ages of the church.

A hotel waiter with a strong sense of humor must find it very difficult to keep his situation.

Then the procession started for the river. Mrs. Somers, filled with dread imaginings as to the description of vessel that she was to find at the moorings, maintained an awe-struck silence until the place of embarkation was reached, when she rapturously exclaimed, "O lor, 'ow nice!"

What met her gaze was a Cleopatra's galley—a mighty gondola, the one-half a stately cabin, glittering with plate-glass and gilding, and decorated with a huge silken flag, while the bows were already occupied by sundry hampers, suggestive of a bountiful collation. The crew consisted of three men, one of whom was a horseman. His gallant steed was cropping the grass beside the towing-path, while he himself was sitting on the bank, admiring the single spur with which economy or lavishness had furnished him. It was his mission to trot unceasingly, never descending from the saddle, even to open gates; to detach the rope at bridges and other obstacles; and to call aloud, a mile before he reached them, "Lock!" and "Ferry!" Of his fellows, one was steersman, who stood behind the cabin on an elevation which enabled him to look over it and the other ropesman; and it was the latter's duty to keep the rope clear from piles and brush-wood, and to swear at the man on the horse without letting the ladies hear him. The cabin had a fixed table, with comfortable crimson couches running round it, and on the couches six Circassian slaves of exquisite beauty. But no; it was only that Helen had lightly tripped into this floating drawing-room, and seated herself in it with a little cry of pleasure; and since it was wainscoted with mirrors, her presence was multiplied six times. It was impossible for Mrs. Somers to trip lightly after her; and because the fairy craft had swayed at the first touch of her foot, she had suddenly altered her opinion of it, and now stood irresolute upon the bank, openly expressing her desire to proceed to Swansdale by railway, in preference to "that gingerbread thing." Eventually the same device was adopted that Hannibal found to be so efficacious with his refractory elephants: she was persuaded to step on a plank that she imagined to be dry land, and so transferred herself unconsciously to the centre of the vessel.

When this operation was effected, Arthur took out his watch. "It is seven o'clock," said he, "and I told the animals that the Ark would start a quarter of an hour ago. Pray excuse me, ladies, while I fetch them."

"How funny he is!" whispered Mrs. Somers to her daughter. "I do believe he means the other three gentlemen. Yes; he is going to the house yonder, where he said Mr. Thingumbob the Honorable lodged, because the inns were full. Well, it does look like the Hark, now you come to think of it, though I hope it is not wicked to say so. I do hate to think myself wicked on the water, or in any dangerous places."

The idea is common, though the frank expression of it was Mrs. Somers's own: one likes to be on equal terms with Providence when we imagine ourselves to be out of its favor. Helen's silence, however, betokened disapproval of such sentiments.

"There he is, my dear!" exclaimed her mother, suddenly. "I mean the Honorable."

"That is Arthur's man with a case of soda-water, mamma," replied Helen, coldly.

"No, no; I mean behind him—yonder. A very striking, gentlemanly person, I must say; in a white hat, with a green veil. Oh dear! I feel all of a flutter."

"Honorables" were somewhat scarce in the society in which Mrs. Somers "moved," which probably accounted for her excitement. Even Helen turned to the open window, and regarded the new-comer with as much interest as an "engaged young person" could be expected to feel toward any other than the beloved object. He was not young, being decidedly gray; and when his white hat was removed, it displayed a considerable expanse of "clearing." But he had bright, bead-like eyes, into which he was always forcing expression; and a stereotyped smile, which he wished it to be understood typified the immortal youth and freshness of his nature. He had an air so jaunty that it was within an ace of swagger; and carried a cane in his hand, with which, as he whistled, he tapped his legs in harmony with the latest popular melody.

"There is certainly a something, Helen," murmured Mrs. Somers, as she regarded this singular object, "in the air" (she said "the hair") "of a born aristocrat as is different from other people. Now your poor pa was as good a man as ever stepped, in his own line, but he could never have carried things off in that way."

"Ladies," said the object, "I salute you;" and he raised his white hat, round which the green veil was twisted like a weeper. "In the absence of our mutual friend Tyndall, I must introduce myself. My name is Paul Jones, of Llanerdovey, at your service."

From that moment of the discovery of her mistake it is my belief that Mr. Jones became an object of personal aversion to good-natured Mrs. Somers; and perhaps it was the consciousness of this unmerited dislike that caused her manner to be so very gracious, as she replied, "Oh, we have often heard Arthur speak of you—have we not, Helen? You were at Oxford together, and all that, if I remember right."

Considering that this supposition would have made Mr. Jones at least eight college generations younger than he really was, he ought to have felt himself flattered. But the fact was that Mr. Jones had never been at college, nor at any other place of education to speak of; and his keen appreciation of that circumstance led him to regard poor Mrs. Somers's observation with irritation. "No, ma'am; I was never at college," returned he, curtly. "I was brought up privately in the neighborhood of our family estate. Mr. Tyndall and I have not known one another for any great length of time, though I hope that does not militate against our being fast friends. Why should it do so, when even love itself is born and comes to its full growth in a week, a day, an hour?" Mr. Jones slapped his chest with his right hand, extended his left, and struck his foot sharply upon the cabin floor, like a juggler who has performed a feat successfully. Eloquence was his passion, but elocution was a difficulty with him; and when he had rounded a sentence agreeably to his own taste, he could not conceal his satisfaction.

"What a dreadful person!" murmured Helen, averting her gaze from this curious spectacle, which her mother regarded with curiosity, not unmixed with alarm. It was the attraction of repulsion, but Mr. Paul Jones took it for admiration pure and simple.

"Yes, ma'am," continued he, confidentially, "when I heard that my dear friend Tyndall was smitten so suddenly with the charms of your lovely daughter—which I am sure I should not have wondered at, even had it been sooner—I was delighted. 'Happy's the wooing that's not long a-doing.' I wrote to him, 'is one of those rare proverbs in which the sense is not sacrificed to the rhyme. Pray introduce me, pray let me enjoy a few hours of her society, if not inconvenient.' And by return of post, if I am not mistaken—yes, it *was* by return of post—he did me the honor to invite me to make one in what I am sure will turn out to be a most *delightful* expedition." At the word "delightful," Mr. Paul Jones smiled so profusely that he showed not only his own teeth but half a dozen others that had been supplied to him by art, with their golden fastenings; and bowed toward Helen, to imply that the source of the promised delightfulness lay there.

"Do you see any body coming, mamma?" inquired Helen, wearily, and in the same despairing tones in which Fatima inquired of her sister whether help might be expected shortly.

"Let *me* see; let *me* look," pleaded Mr. Jones, with ardor, and standing on his tiptoes, for he was of small stature, to peer over the roof of the cabin. "Yes, here is Allardyce. You know who Allardyce is, doubtless," he went on, popping his head in again, and sinking his voice to a whisper: "one of the Allardyces of Norfolk; brother of the Lord Catamaran, and heir-presumptive to the title. A very particular friend of mine; I gave him up my room at the hotel last night, and took his lodgings instead. He said he couldn't sleep in a lodging-house; whereas I didn't mind one pin. I've been used to roughing it—that is, among the moors, and such-like, you know." Mr. Jones meant the moors of Scotland, but it is not more certain that he had never been on them with a gun in his hand than that he had never been taken captive by an Algerine corsair. "Yes," continued he, as though conscious of some incongruity in his polished leather boots and veil with his assumed character of sportsman, "many a night, with nothing but the blue sky above me, have I lain on the bare heather."

"Didn't it tickle you?" inquired Mrs. Somers.

"My dear madam, I had something *on*," explained Mr. Jones, with precipitation. "I never forgot myself (as many do when in those outlandish regions) to the extent of wearing a kilt, and—a—slogan—or whatever it is called. The idea of carrying a knife in one's stocking has always struck me as dangerous, however convenient."

"I don't know about the convenience, but I call it a very nasty habit," observed Mrs. Somers.—"Dear me, here is Mr. Allardyce!"

"In the absence of our friend and host, Mr. Tyndall," exclaimed Mr. Paul Jones, "permit me, ladies, to introduce to you his friend and mine, Mr. Allardyce: Mrs. Somers, Miss Somers."

The new-comer was a tall, slight young man, of demure aspect, and dressed with a plainness that contrasted sharply with the taste for color exhibited in the attire of his companion. He would have been good-looking but for a certain expression of cynicism, unbecoming enough to youth in any case, but when really characteristic, the index of a wasted life. It is, however, often affected, for, as it is thought fine by some folks, and a proof of their independence of position in life, to be blockheads, so it is held by others to be a great sign of high breeding to be indifferent to all matters of human interest, and profoundly suspicious of their fellow-creatures.

Mr. Allardyce had scarcely replaced his hat, after saluting the ladies, when the irrepressible Jones inquired, "How did you sleep, old fellow?"

"So well," returned the other, without deigning a glance at his interlocutor, "that I overslept myself, and have thereby committed the unintentional rudeness of being late. I feel it quite unpardonable, when ladies afford so admirable an example of early rising."

"I beg you won't mention it, Mister—" Mrs. Somers craned at the A, but found it insuperable, and refused the fence. "I dare say you are not much used to six-o'clock breakfasts."

"I am afraid they are a little novel with me," said Mr. Allardyce, smiling. "Are you accustomed to gorgeous river-galleys of this sort, Mrs. Somers? I don't remember even so much as seeing one before."

"Well, yes, at the Lord Mayor's show in '39 (you don't remember it, Ellen dear, because you were not born, but your poor father and I made one of the party); and we lunched on board just as it might be to-day; and I recollect dear Mr. Muntz, the deputy-recorder that was, being most excessively ill afterward, and laying it all to the motion of the boat. But then we were rowed by four-and-twenty men—jerk, jerk—which is not like being towed by a horse; and, besides, let us hope that nobody will be so imprudent as to eat raspberry ices after lobster salad, as he did."

"And is this mode of traveling new to you also, Miss Somers?"

"Quite," replied Helen. "It seems to me likely to prove very pleasant. I had no idea there were such vessels."

"The City Companies have them," observed Mr. Paul Jones, "and treble the size; the Hat and Cap Makers, for example."

"I venture to think that this size is preferable," observed Mr. Allardyce, again ignoring Mr. Jones's presence, while making use of his remark; "and I am quite sure that *our* Company, or some of it, at least," and here he bowed to the ladies, "will be greatly more agreeable than that of the Hat and Cap Makers. I take it most kind of my friend Tyndall that he should have invited me to make one of so in every way charming an expedition."

"Here *is* Tyndall coming," observed Mr. Paul Jones, from his old post of observation, his head alone above the cabin roof, while his three-quarter length, counting upward, still occupied that apartment. "And I say, Allardyce—"

"Well, what *do* you say?" He spoke with the most careless air imaginable, but lounged out of the cabin nevertheless. Not only was there something in the other's tone which was not careless, but, on the contrary, pregnant with annoyance and disappointment, but there was also a significant beckoning of the fingers. "The horse lame? Not a bit of it, you Cockney! You'll frighten the ladies out of their wits with your mysterious communications."

But although horseflesh is always a mysterious subject, and engenders more nods and winks than that of an average state conspiracy, the whispers above the cabin roof had not been concerning *it* at all.

"I say, look yonder at whom Tyndall is bringing with him: that fellow Adair is coming with us, it seems."

"The devil seize him!" muttered Allardyce between his teeth, while he waved his thin white hand in sign of welcome to the coming pair. "Then we shall have to be doubly careful, or he will spoil sport."

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

ZANZIBAR, which has risen out of African obscurity into sudden notoriety, is an island about forty-eight miles long and from fifteen to thirty miles wide, situated on the eastern coast of Africa. The population of the island is about 250,000, consisting of Arab landed proprietors, slaves, free natives, and incomers from adjacent islands and from India. These are all nominally under the dominion of a sultan. The capital is also named Zanzibar, and contains nearly 60,000 permanent residents. Zanzibar is of coral formation, and low and flat. It produces in abundance a variety of tropical fruits. From this African isle has come the intelligence that Dr. Livingstone, whose mysterious disappearance from civilized life had caused so much anxiety, has arrived thither, with Mr. Stanley, the chief of a search expedition sent out by the New York *Herald*. We have yet to learn where the distinguished explorer has been hidden during these long years of silence. No doubt he has gathered in the heart of a barbarous continent knowledge which will benefit the whole world.

The attention of the country has been called by a bill presented to Congress to the necessity of taking measures to prevent the destruction of forest trees. Where there are no forests there is little or no rain, and consequently the land is not fertilized. Many countries, as Italy, France, and Spain, which have suffered from the loss of trees have been to immense expense to replace them. This is a matter worthy of immediate consideration.

All the works on the Suez Canal have been completed, and there is a minimum depth throughout of a little over twenty-six feet. Steamers of 2000 tons pass without difficulty. The greatest merchant vessels have been freighted to go to Asia through the canal.

The volcano of Kilauea, in the Sandwich Islands, is showing great activity. There are indications that there is to be a grand pyrotechnic display in that quarter before long.

Lemons are now abundant and cheap. A grateful drink may be easily prepared from them, which can be kept for use in warm and sultry summer days. Press out the juice and strain it. Remove all the pulp from the peels, and boil them in water, in proportion of a pint for a dozen pulps, to extract the acid. Boil a few minutes, then strain the water with the juice of the lemons, and put a pound of white sugar to a pint of juice. Boil all ten minutes, and bottle. A teaspoonful of this lemon sirup in a glass of water makes a cooling and refreshing drink.

The beast was superior to the man when an intoxicated individual of Dubuque, Iowa, attempted to lead a horse. The animal watched his master closely, and when he staggered almost to falling would catch him by the coat collar and hold him up. Once or twice the man fell, and was helped up by the superior being. By extreme care and watchfulness the horse succeeded in getting his master home safely.

It is noticed that a larger proportion of white flowers are fragrant than those of any other color; then yellow flowers come next in fragrance, followed by red and blue. After these may be placed violet, orange, brown, and black.

Public libraries and other educating influences are rapidly multiplying in the Southern States. In the city of Louisville the "Public Library of Kentucky" has been recently opened with appropriate exercises. The institution has a fine building and a good collection of books.

Was ever any new costume more criticised than the new "Dolly Varden?" If a lady wants to be noticed in the street, she has only to put on one of these bright-figured garments, and all eyes are directed toward her. One must possess considerable courage to meet the attention with graceful unconsciousness. The following is a graphic description of a Dolly Varden: "The starboard sleeve bore a yellow hop-vine in full leaf on a red ground, with numbers of gray birds, badly mutilated by the seams, flying hither and yon in wild dismay at the approach of a red-and-black hunter. Calvary Mission infant class was depicted on the back, the making up of the garment scattering truant scholars up the sides and on the skirt, while a country poultry fair and a group of American hunting dogs, badly demoralized by the gathers, gave the front a remarkable appearance. The left sleeve had on it the alphabet in five different languages."

At a teachers' institute in St. Louis County, Missouri, a school-master argued that it was not possible to get along with boys of fifteen and sixteen years of age without flogging them or dismissing them from school. It is to the credit of the institute that none of the other teachers present agreed with him. One was sure that "schools could be controlled without the infliction of bodily pain;" while another member said that "in nine cases out of ten pupils were flogged in the heat of passion."

A pleasant story is told of Mr. Colfax, which, if not new to all our readers, is worth many readings. At a large dinner-party, where were illustrious American and foreign statesmen, he declined to take wine. A noted Senator, himself a little heated, exclaimed across the table, half jestingly, "Colfax *dares* not drink!"

"You are right," said Mr. Colfax, seriously; "I *dare* not!"

That simple answer, given with gentle and earnest solemnity, was itself an impressive temperance lecture.

In the course of a recent trial in Massachusetts Dr. Samuel A. Green testified that seven cases of small-pox had come under his observation this winter where the patients had before had the disease, the results of the former attack being distinctly marked. This somewhat disarranges the generally received theory that clear cases of small-pox do not more than once afflict the same person.

It appears that an English sect known as "The Peculiar People" believe all medical assistance in sickness wrong. On a recent trial relative to the death of a child whose parents held this creed, the evidence went to show that the child was attacked with small-pox, and that the elders prayed over it, laid hands upon it, and "anointed it with oil in the name of the Lord," according to Scriptural teaching, and that they never thought of such a thing as sending for a doctor, putting all their trust in God. They stated they saw the child sink day by day, until she died, on the eleventh day after the attack, nothing being administered to her in the shape of medicine, and only a little arrow-root and wine to nourish the body. The police surgeon said he had made a post-mortem examination, and found that the child died from confluent small-pox, a disease which if left to run its course must almost inevitably prove fatal. The deceased child had not been vaccinated, and the "Peculiar People" declared that they neither believed in vaccination nor contagion. The jury found a verdict of manslaughter.

A licentiate of the London Royal College of Surgeons, Mr. R. C. Furley, says that he is able to prove that vaccination is not only a preventive, but a cure of small-pox. He has ascertained that when a person liable to take small-pox is exposed to the infection the poison circulates in the blood for eight days before producing any febrile symptoms. The general practice is not to vaccinate during the febrile state that follows; but Mr. Furley says he can show from cases under his care at the present time that if one is vaccinated during the febrile stage the fever is slightly increased, but the eruption does not make its appearance, and if vaccinated during the eruptive stage the eruption is immediately arrested. The mature lymph overtakes the immature poison, and the disease terminates. If the eruption exhibits white tops, there is danger of infection; if not, it dies away as pimples. Mr. Furley feels confident that if every doctor were to vaccinate each case of small-pox that comes under his care at once, many hundreds of lives would be spared.

A woman eighty years old recently died in Albany. She had long followed the occupation of street-begging and rag-picking. One day she was prostrated by paralysis, and died in a few hours. The neighbors assisted in preparing the body for burial. On moving the bed on which she died a large number of gold and silver coins, a bag of gold, and a quantity of greenbacks were found. A search was then instituted, and a large quantity of coin was found in pieces of crockery in the closets, estimated at from $4000 to $5000.

Castagno di Cento Cavalli is the name given to an immense chestnut-tree on Mount Etna, whose circumference near the ground is variously stated by travelers to be from 180 to 204 feet. It is related of Jeanne of Aragon that when visiting Mount Etna, attended by her principal nobility, a heavy shower came up, and she and a hundred cavaliers took refuge under the branches of this tree, which completely sheltered them.

WILLIAM TELL WILL NOT SURRENDER OR BOW TO THE OLD HAT.

THE GREAT DEBATE—WAS ST. PETER EVER AT ROME?

## WAS ST. PETER EVER AT ROME?

By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

While the streets of Rome rang with the mad revels of the recent Carnival, and the pagan saturnalia was celebrated with masks, dances, and processions, the most remarkable debate of modern times took place at the hall of the Sala Sabina. Sanctioned by the Pope, eagerly accepted by the Protestant divines, the controversy was maintained by eminent scholars on either side—"Was St. Peter ever at Rome?" Two years before it would have been death even to have whispered a doubt of the important tradition in the papal city. The Inquisition and the Jesuits watched over the foundations of the Church with fierce vigilance. He who doubted the papal legends was marked out for speedy destruction. Honest German priests who during the sitting of the Vatican Council had incurred only suspicion were summoned before the Inquisition and reprimanded, were forced to fly from the guilty city, shocked at its abominations and its crimes; two Oriental bishops had been thrown into prison for opposing the Jesuit rule; and now—so sudden have been the mutations of modern society!—amidst the gay maskers, the punchinellos, and harlequins, might be seen a grave congregation of Roman nobles, citizens, and priests, of Protestant divines and Italian reformers, of curious strangers and thoughtful natives, crowding the extensive hall which had been provided for the novel discussion.

Seated on the presidential platform at one end of the hall were Prince Mario Chigi, the chief of the Catholic society, the advocate Tosti, Mr. Pigott, and Dr. Philips. On the right were the Romish clergy, on the left the defenders of the evangelical faith. The audience filled every part of the extensive chamber; a solemn gravity rested upon the remarkable scene. Without, on the Corso, all was madness and folly; men had abandoned themselves to the frivolous sports that had been sanctioned by the corrupt usages of ages. Within, the attentive assembly listened with constant interest to learned and accomplished debaters. Nor was it the least striking trait of the great discussion that it was conducted with politeness and good feeling, and that at its close the opposing speakers shook hands with each other in testimony of their com-

mon amity. Yet on the one side sat or stood a throng of Romish ecclesiastics, the successors of the men who had heard with bitter malevolence the bold arguments of HUSS and JEROME, and had condemned them to the stake; of a priesthood that had never permitted a heretic to live within the scope of their power unharmed. On the other the modern representatives of the countless victims of Romish persecution. Among the Protestant debaters was conspicuous the mild countenance of GAVAZZI, whose eloquence had kept alive Italian Christianity through a lifetime of danger, and who, had he been found in Rome two years before, would probably have disappeared forever from the eyes of his countrymen.

On a single legend rests the whole fabric of the Romish faith. The papal writers assert that the Apostle PETER ruled for twenty-five years (42-67) as Bishop of Rome. The tradition reaches back to the fourth century, and was probably conceived and enunciated in the third. Yet it seems never to have been generally accepted by the Christian Church, and was ridiculed as an improbable falsehood by the acute Waldenses in the twelfth century. For the first time it was now to be examined at Rome. The learned SCIARELLI, a Methodist, opened the debate on the Protestant side. He showed that the Romish tradition was opposed to all historical evidence; that St. PETER could never have been at Rome; that from 42 to 66 he is represented in the Acts as laboring in the East, while PAUL was the missionary of the West; that his epistle is dated from Babylon; that PAUL never mentions him in his long catalogue of the Christians he salutes at Rome; and that no trace of the Romish legend can be found in any contemporary record. If PETER had visited the capital of the world, and had aided PAUL in founding its Church, it would certainly have been told with clearness in the Holy Scriptures; but not one of the inspired writers, not PAUL nor even PETER himself, alludes to the unscriptural legend. SCIARELLI then traced the origin of the papal tradition to the unscrupulous inventions of PAPIAS or of later writers, who probably flattered the vanity of the Roman presbyters by ascribing to their Church so illustrious a founder. To SCIARELLI replied Monsignore FABIANI, one of the most accomplished and respectable of the Romish theologians. St. PETER, he asserted, might well have gone to Rome at some time from 42 to 66. "And were he there but one hour," he cried, "we have established the truth of the tradition." A thrill of horror passed through the priestly throng, of surprise among the Protestants, when FABIANI was content with proving so little. He then labored to show with useless learning that the Babylon from which PETER dates his epistle was another name for Rome. But the supposition seemed improbable to most of his audience.

The debate went on with vigor. The Vaudois BIBETTI, the Jesuit GUIDI, joined in the unprecedented controversy. A throng of Romans and of strangers neglected the sports of the Carnival time to attend the meetings. Frowning Jesuits and the hostile and menacing faces of members of the Catholic League were seen amidst the assembly. The concluding speech was reserved for GAVAZZI. More than twenty years had passed since the eminent reformer had fled an exile from the city he had labored to set free from papal tyranny in 1849, yet his ardor and his hope had never flagged, and his rare eloquence was still no less attractive to the more intelligent Romans than when he had preached to applauding throngs in his eventful youth and manhood. It was, indeed, the most striking element of the debate that GAVAZZI was once more the orator of Rome. Across the river, shut up in the Vatican, his early persecutors, the Pope and the Jesuits, were now powerless and contemned. The Eternal City was forever free. The reformer need no longer fear the prisons of the Inquisition, whose terrors he had once experienced, or the malice of the priests, whose crimes he had so freely exposed. With much good humor, and equal vigor and clearness, GAVAZZI came to the aid of SCIARELLI, aimed keen blows at the feeble defenses of FABIANI, overthrew wholly the Jesuit GUIDI, who had followed him, and covered his foes with delicate ridicule. Laughter and interest, conviction and thought, followed the practiced debater. His audience yielded to his charm; even the shaven priests, who a few years before might have answered his argument with an irresistible vigor, were now seen to smile. The debate closed, and the Jesuits and the bigoted faction of the Romish Church in New York and St. Louis heard with horror that reason, and not violence, was now employed at Rome to maintain its chief tradition; that the fabric of infallibility was shaken to its base.

The discussion was published in the Roman newspapers; the city amused itself with dissecting the venerable fable. Was St. PETER never at Rome? Yet here was his church, the magnificent fruit of an idle tradition! Yonder his tomb, which was only discovered a century after his death. Here he had stopped, according to the legend, at the appearance of his Master; the streets were lined with his churches and his images; you might even handle his chains and look into his prison. To many in the narrow ecclesiastical city the question was altogether new; for the first time they were suffered to know that PAUL and not PETER had founded the Church at Rome; that the papal traditions were erected upon gross impostures; and that their dethroned tyrant in the Vatican had no juster claim to infallibility than the Grand Lama of Thibet. A purer faith and a higher moral sense must follow the labors of the Protestant divines at Rome; and that they have held so remarkable a discussion in the papal city is one of the most striking traits of Italian progress.

## DORA'S LOVERS.

"DR. CHANDLER," said his wife, timidly, as she looked across the breakfast-table and observed a pause in his reading.

"Well, Mary," he responded, laying his book open before him.

"I don't think Dora is at all well."

"Then make some of your teas for her, and don't trouble me about it."

"It is not that; she grieves too much for Robert;" and Mrs. Chandler furtively wiped away a tear.

"I will encourage nothing of that kind; it is her duty to submit to the will of Providence," he replied, not recognizing in his additional severity the same disobedience that Dora showed by grief.

"But she can't help it; she has no appetite, and is so pale and thin. Oh, Horace, if we should lose her too!" And Mrs. Chandler was so much overcome that she had open recourse to her pocket-handkerchief.

Dr. Chandler looked at her a moment in silence, astonished at the double misdemeanor of using his Christian name, and the unallowed weakness of tears.

"Mary," he said, resuming his book, "when you are in a proper frame of mind we will continue the conversation."

Mrs. Chandler, left to herself and the barren sympathy of the coffee-pot, soon put aside her tears, and sat as quiet and meek as before, with the addition of two red rings about her eyes. Dr. Chandler did not notice her until his cup was empty, and as he passed it in he said,

"You are probably to blame for Dora's low spirits. She had better do more work in the school."

"That will not help it," replied Mrs. Chandler, with unusual spirit. "One would think you were never young."

"Usefulness is the best cure for sorrow."

"It may be for old people like me; but diversion is better for Dora," replied Mrs. Chandler, daring to speak plainly for the sake of her child.

At that moment Dora entered the room with a flower-pot in her hand. Her weary, listless air pained her father, though he gave no sign, but kept his eyes on the letter which his wife had handed to him. He was the autocrat in his family, and therefore his wife and daughter were not surprised to hear him say, as he folded the letter,

"Dora, will you be ready to go to New York to-morrow?"

A gleam of pleasure flashed in Dora's face.

"To see Ella Marshall, father? I can go next week."

"Very well; make your preparations. I will find some one to attend you. It will do you good;" and he majestically left the room.

"I did not think he would let me go," said Dora, as she trimmed and watered her plants.

"Your father is very judicious."

"I believe you did it, mother dear, and gave him the credit. Well, I thank you both."

Dr. Chandler was pastor in a New England town, and his naturally sober nature had hardened into a doctrinal mould that held even those who loved him at a distance. As a young man he had been poor and repressed, and now there seemed no juice to flow, and the stern law of duty, with no exception of mercy, was the code of his house and life. Mrs. Chandler was a mild, timid woman, whom the years even hardly turned gray. Dr. Chandler had told her to marry him, rather than asked her consent, and she had yielded him the same obedience throughout their wedded life. They had laid many children in the church-yard, and Mrs. Chandler had grown quieter and whiter, and Dr. Chandler more rigid, for his was one of those natures which grief can not soften, until only Robert, a willful, active boy, and Dora, a gentle, wistful girl, were left. When Robert attained manhood, he having openly disclaimed the church, for which his father wished to fit him, Dr. Chandler gave him a small sum he had saved, and sent him to Germany to study. With a half-fierce feeling he said to himself, "Had the others lived there would have been three to educate, and now Robert shall have what would have been divided among the three."

All went on very well, until one bright, crisp October day—Dora never forgot it—came the news that the son and brother was dead. Dr. Chandler never resisted the blow a moment. No one knew how his hopes were dashed, or what his sorrow was, but his manner of "kissing the rod" was very unpleasant to Dora and her mother. Mrs. Chandler became a silent shadow in the house, and the light was gone out of Dora's life. Her brother had been the world to her. He had been her playmate, and later her hero. Her life was so circumscribed in the quiet town that his letters from the places she had read of, and loved to think about, had opened a new sphere to her. Her daily humdrum duties were intolerable to her, now that he would not come back, and she faded visibly. It was to him alone she had poured out her hopes and aspirations, and now the tide was turned back upon her, and she was being crushed beneath the burden.

It was at this crisis that Ella Marshall, a distant cousin in New York, invited her to make a visit, and that Dr. Chandler, with eyes opened by his wife, accepted the proposition as his own, and sent her. A worthy deacon who was going down took her in charge, and the same evening she was rapturously received by Ella, and borne into a warm, bright room. As Dora looked at the pretty pictures while she warmed her chilled fingers by the cheerful open fire, and felt the influence of the scene—all soft lines, no angles—the load seemed to lift from her heart, and rest to come to her troubled spirit.

Ella was chatting in the most lively manner as she removed her wraps, offering a hundred things, and admiring Dora from head to foot.

"Do you know, Dora, I like your hair so much; that plain coil of 'raven black' shows the shape of your head so well; and this cloak just suits your slender figure. Now I'd look like a goose in it—see!" and Ella threw it over her own plump shoulders, and straightened her short figure to its utmost height.

In this way she rattled on, amusing Dora, and finally leading her into the same lively talk.

Dora was a genuine lover of music, and had been carefully instructed, and Ella's grand piano was a great delight. She soon found her way to it, and, entirely absorbed, was tenderly playing snatches from the masters. A gentle Madonna with the child hung over the instrument, and Dora's pale face, full of feeling, was a not inapt reflex of it. When the last notes died away, and she slowly turned from the instrument, she was surprised to see a gentleman sitting by Ella. He seemed a part of the music, so fair, and courteous in his bow; and when he caught her eye she felt as if she had known him before.

"Mr. Kleiner, Dora—I mean Miss Chandler. How beautifully you played that!"

"I thought we were alone," Dora replied, clasping her hands nervously.

"I hope I did not disturb you; my enjoyment was almost beyond thanks," said Mr. Kleiner.

The conversation was much on music, and Dora felt glad to listen, and strangely comforted as by the sounds of nature which she loved, for the music had made her sad. In the course of the evening it transpired that he was a German, and that was another link to Dora—any one who came from the country where her brother had died.

"Don't you like him, Dora?" asked Ella, after he had gone. "I think he is splendid; but there is a melancholy about him I want you to pierce. He is not a bit moody, but it strikes me his mustache droops the wrong way for a perfectly happy man."

"I like him," replied Dora, simply.

"I wanted you to meet him," said Ella, "for I like and admire you both. Oh, how is your father? I was so rude as to forget to ask about him, and papa gave me a terrible long message to him."

In the influence of Ella's cheerful home, and the constant variety and interest of New York life, the color came again to Dora's face, and happiness to her heart. Mr. Kleiner called often, and a roll of new music was generally laid on the piano for Dora. He even tempted her to sing, and insisted on helping her with her German. They read the same books and talked about them, and unconsciously Dora found herself trusting his opinion, and looking for his advice. He always had a flower, however simple, in his button-hole, and one evening laid a tea-rose bud on the new music by Dora's side.

"Just a flower, Miss Chandler; the groves and valleys lay the same offering at your feet."

Dora looked up with a smile; but meeting his eyes, deep and calm like a shady pool with the reflection of something that made her heart bound, looked down again in confusion.

After that Dora was hardly ever without flowers; and when Mr. Kleiner could not come for several days, a beautiful basket, stand, or bouquet would speak for him. The young ladies had invitations to hear all the good music given in the city, and the days passed so quickly and pleasantly that the time came for Dora's return before she was aware of it.

"Come again, dear," said Ella in parting. "Mr. Kleiner and I will be quite unconsolable."

It was early spring when Dora returned home, and her active vigor and light spirits would have given Mrs. Chandler an apt text in the success of the experiment, with plenty of illustration for a curtain-lecture, had she been one of that clan. But she was content to see the improvement, and quietly observe its effect on her husband. When the young summer had spread its wealth of beauty about, making Dora think often of the sweet flowery messengers she had received, one of Ella's lively letters set her even life in a whirl.

"Ah, you rogue, do you know what is going to happen? I do believe you are going to make somebody very happy. *Our* friend (how long will you go partnership?) Mr. Kleiner is going to Summerton to-day. Your Lohengrin is on the way with his white swans. Don't ask him any questions, or beware, for I have grown very suspicious lately. Don't you remember the opera we heard last winter? I know how your cheeks burned, and they will again.

"P.S.—Let me know the full particulars, there's a dear."

Dora laughed and blushed, and kept the letter to herself, only telling her mother that Ella sent her love. But the blind boy had a suspicion that the fact that her hat needed to be retrimmed had something to do with it.

Dora played the organ in church, and on the following Sunday, when she turned after service to compose herself for the sermon, she encountered a look of recognition and pleasure that prevented her from hearing the text. Frederick Kleiner's eyes had been on her from the time he entered the church, and he seemed to find his worship there, for he never removed them until the closing voluntary was finished and she arose to leave. They met at the door; he was introduced to her parents, and, being a stranger, was, according to Dr. Chandler's custom, invited to dinner.

He seemed to find the parsonage rooms very inviting, for he was often there, and treated Dr. and Mrs. Chandler with a respect and attention that much gratified them. He brought a letter of introduction from Mr. Marshall recommending him highly, and Mrs. Chandler always made the way smooth for him and Dora to take the walks he constantly proposed. In one of these, on a fine June afternoon, he quietly led her to a favorite haunt by the side of a mossy basin. And while the shimmering branches overhead cast

> "Doubles of their leaves in shadow
> On his shining hair and face,"

he spoke nobly and bravely of life. A silence fell upon them, when he sprang to his feet, and holding out his hands, said,

"Dora, I love you! Will you be my wife?"

Dora gave one startled upward glance, and with her head turned aside slowly put out her hands. They were held in a firm grasp for a moment, and then covered with kisses until they fairly seemed to blush.

"Dora," he said, "you have been my life's dream. I felt it when I first saw you."

At that moment a shadow swept over the sun, and he dropped her hands and leaned against the tree.

"Darling, I ought not to accept your sweet answer, though so dear to me"—he made a movement toward her, but with an evident effort restrained himself—"until I tell you of a cloud in my life, like that above us now."

Dora looked up with perfect trust in her eyes, and he continued, with quick breath,

"I see by your face it can make no difference; but I must show you my life, as you have my heart."

Dora rose and came to him, but he raised his hand.

"Listen, sweet one. Oh, my heart's desire, how true your eyes are! I have taken a human life, though I strove not to do so."

Dora gave a fluttered sigh, but came nearer, and laid her head on his shoulder. He drew his arm tightly about her, but instantly dropped it.

"No, darling; let me see your face. Two years ago I was a student at Heidelberg." Dora clasped his arm tightly, and her eyes expanded. "At one of our convivial student meetings too much wine was taken for some of the stranger students, and harsh words passed between me and one of them." Dora turned white. "Are you ill? I will not tell you now."

"Yes, yes; go on," she said, breathlessly.

He rapidly continued: "In an angry moment he challenged me, and our temper was such that we arranged the meeting immediately. I chose the usual weapon, a sword; but he, apparently a headstrong fellow, would not accept, but insisted on pistols. In a moment my better feelings regained their sway, and I deplored the quarrel, and tried to make amends, but nothing would do but the encounter. Then, determined that a fellow-man should not suffer for my folly, I raised my pistol to fire in the air. This the seconds, also excited, perceived, and would not permit. Thus forced into the situation, I fired below, and wounded my antagonist in the leg. I often called at his lodging, left fruit and wine during his illness, but he would never see me, and before he could leave his room I was obliged to be absent for a few days. When I returned, my first inquiry was for him, and, to my surprise and horror, learned that he had died from the effects of the wound."

Dora hung upon him, and swayed as if she would have fallen.

"Darling, I have frightened you?"

She shook her head, and signed for him to go on. Supporting her in both his arms, he hurriedly said,

"I lingered several months to see whether any action would be taken, and then left Germany, and shall never return."

"His name?" asked Dora, hoarsely.

"He was called Herr Robert. Was an American, I think."

"What was he like?" asked Dora, struggling from his arms.

"Tall, dark brown hair, eyes of two colors. I never shall forget how he looked that evening," he said, looking at her with troubled surprise.

"When was it?" gasped Dora, in a scarcely audible whisper.

"September."

"It was my brother!" she said, with a terrible cry, and dropped on the grass at his feet.

He looked at her a moment, stunned, as if he had smitten her, bent over her, and, with a groan, turned and reeled away to an old tree, where he stood motionless. After a time she arose and moved homeward. He came to her, handed her her hat, and walked by her side.

"Dora, speak to me!" he cried, as they left the wood.

She hardly noticed him, and how they found their way home, with the glories of the sunset before them, neither knew. He left her at the gate, and spent the night by his open window with as little life and outward sign as a statue, though his face of agony would have made a stone cry aloud.

Dora went to her room with the excuse of a sick headache, though if she had said heart-ache her trouble would have been better described. She read Robert's last letter, placed and replaced the trinkets she had as mementoes, weeping and wringing her hands, with her black hair streaming about her like a storm-cloud. She took the last bouquet Frederick had given her, kissed and fondled it, and crumbling its faded, fragrant leaves, threw them out on the night. "Oh, my brother! oh, my lover!" she sobbed and cried, crouching in the window curtains, and lying with her face buried in the pillows on her bed. For all that Robert had been to her, Frederick had been much more. How the beauty of the world had unfolded since she knew him! how life had opened before her! What a gift she had in his love! how pure and strong to do she felt with his eye upon her! All over now. She could not think steadily, except she knew that they must part.

In the morning she felt too weak to leave her room, and hardly knew the breakfast hour had come, when her mother knocked at the door.

Like one far away she bid her enter, and Mrs. Chandler hastened to the bedside.

"My dear child, what does this mean? Have you been so ill you could not take off your clothes?"

Dora looked at her rumpled muslin dress, and clung to her mother's bosom.

"Why, my darling daughter, I knocked twice last night, but as you did not answer I thought you were asleep."

Dora was sobbing convulsively, and when she became sufficiently calm told her mother the sad story of the night before. Mrs. Chandler heard it all without a question or comment, and when Dora finished, and exclaimed, "Oh, mother, what shall we do?" she took Dora in her arms, and said,

"My poor child! Oh, my dear, lost son!"

Dora dared not look up or speak; but after a moment Mrs. Chandler said,

"He will come to-day, and I will see him. Your father must know nothing of this."

Then she put Dora to bed, and made her drink a cup of coffee, telling her father that she had a headache. Dora yielded with weary submission. Her gentle, timid mother seemed strong to do and bear; she had taken the whole burden, and Dora, against her usual custom, was passive. She knew how her mother had loved Robert, and what her grief must be, but not a sign appeared in face or voice.

Before the morning was far advanced Dora heard the gate shut, and as her mother did not return she knew that Frederick was there. She waited what seemed an interminable time; and then, obeying a voice within that cried to see him once again, dressed and went down to the parlor. Mrs. Chandler had met him, and without a word of blame dismissed him. She said she did not forgive him, for she had nothing to forgive; that the disastrous result of the act was not his fault, but that he could not marry Dora. One thing she asked, which was all he could do, and he must not refuse. No word of this should ever pass to another mortal. It was but justice to him, and was her will, the little woman said, in a tone of authority. He asked the privilege of bidding Dora good-by, and for an instant his wan, suffering face, with its great want in the eyes, moved her, but she had absolutely refused, when Dora entered.

"Dora!" he cried; "have you come to me again?" But she waved him back.

"Will you not give me your hand in parting?"

She turned from him and held her hand out behind her.

"Not so!" he cried; and catching her in his arms, showered kisses on her face and lips. "My love! my love! thus I claim you. I do not ask to be forgiven, for you are mine."

Dora, hardly knowing what she did, clung to him, and he, turning to the astonished mother, said,

"Mrs. Chandler, she is my wife; and though I never see her again, no other woman shall fill that place." And laying Dora on the sofa, he was gone while his "Lebe wohl" still rang in her ears.

In the long weeks and months that followed, that parting was the only comfort that Dora had. Dr. Chandler asked for Mr. Kleiner, for he had become a favorite, and then dismissed the matter. The secret and her grief wore Dora out. She struggled bravely, tried to absorb herself in her duties, did twice as much as formerly, but faded day by day. Her mother's anxious ear detected a cough, and before long her father noticed her failing health. In his usual authoritative manner he decided on another visit to Ella Marshall. Dora shrank from this, and openly demurred. She had no lack of invitations, for Ella sent constant appeals. In her last letter she said:

"Dora, what is the matter with your Lohengrin? Have you asked him questions? He did not come near us until the last of August, and now he is more interestingly melancholy than ever. But he has introduced a delightful friend—Mr. Armstrong. Do come down and see them both, and your devoted chum,
"Ella."

Dr. Chandler would hear no objection to his plan. It had done Dora good before; she must go; and she did. Frederick called before he knew she was there, and when their eyes met, Dora left the room in haste, for she could not bear his earnest gaze. He had so changed in those months, and her rebellious heart so quickly responded, that it was long before she was composed enough to remain in his presence. His friend was a lively, clever man, with a wonderful beard all over his face. He had keen eyes, that seemed to see even through walls, and Dora's confusion and Frederick's sadness did not escape his notice. He was Frederick's constant companion, and they were evidently much attached. They had met in the summer, and had been mutually attracted.

Ella liked Mr. Armstrong, but when he began to pay pointed attention to Dora, gave a little sigh and stood aside. The more Dora retired—for she could not bear to hear words of love from another man—the more pressing Mr. Armstrong became. He was devoted to her; and when he detected any look between Dora and Frederick—and he seemed to see them all—he became more merry. Any sadness on the part of either delighted him, and he forced Dora to accept his attentions or be positively rude. He made every effort to see Dora alone, which she avoided, and one afternoon, after skillful manœuvring, succeeded, and offered himself in the most rapturous manner. Dora refused him, would not hear his pleading, and at last he exclaimed,

"I love you—have loved you long; take me as your brother!" caught her in his arms and kissed her. Dora indignantly struggled free. "Ah, my little sister, don't you know me—Robert, your brother?" Dora looked long and earnestly in his face. "'Bandy, boy, when will you come home?'" he quoted softly.

"It is! it is!" cried Dora, throwing her arms about his neck.

When her first glad surprise was over he told her the story of his disappearance. He had fought the duel with Kleiner—been wounded. "Did you ever notice my lameness? How well I have concealed it!" He was very ill. The physician ordered him to be removed from Heidelberg. In his absence the report was circulated that he was dead, and knowing his father's severity—"You know he particularly threatened his anathema if I fought a duel"—he determined to take advantage of it and travel a while before he returned. When he thought of his folly and unkindness to those at home he was ashamed to come back, and had lingered longer still. He knew Kleiner when he met him, and had just made up his mind to face all and return home, when Ella told him that Dora was coming down. He staid to see her, his beard being a complete disguise, soon perceived that she and Kleiner were in some heart trouble, formed this little plan, and had it not succeeded?

Dora, though too happy to blame him, told the story of their love and separation, and he was more angry with himself for the thoughtless wrong he had done than she could be.

In the midst of their conversation, as they sat with their arms about each other, the servant announced Mr. Kleiner. He was turning back when he saw them in that attitude, when Dora cried out,

"Mr. Kleiner, this is Robert, my brother! He is not dead."

Frederick looked Robert over from head to foot, and then opening his arms, said,

"Dora!"

She sprang toward him, and Robert left the room, though it was minutes before they were aware of it.

It was just such another day as the one on which Dora had heard of Robert's supposed death that the bells rang cheerily in the staid New England town, and white marriage favors flashed in its quiet streets. The prodigal had returned, a new son was to be received, and Dr. Chandler, for once practicing the kindly precepts which he so sternly preached, had killed the fatted calf, and made merry with his friends. The sun could not be too bright or the flowers too gay; and if Robert and Ella lingered rather long in the moonlight on the porch while the wedding party were joyous within, no one noticed it but themselves; and Dora, as she kissed her friend good-night, saw her secret reflected in the glass which love had put into her own hands.

## SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Dr. Stimpson, the eminent director of the Chicago Academy of Sciences, has been engaged during the past winter, as we have already informed our readers, in prosecuting deep-sea explorations in Florida. He first accompanied the United States Coast Survey steamer *Bibb*, when making soundings between Cuba and Yucatan for a submarine cable, but found the sea-bottom very poor in animal life. We have previously mentioned that the bottom temperature in the deepest water was about 39.5° F., which may possibly account for the scanty fauna. The bottom consisted of sand and globigerina mixed, in which scarcely any thing occurred but shells, mostly dead. Some of the species were identical with those obtained by Gwyn Jeffreys at a similar depth off the European coast.

On their way back from the cable work, the expedition made one haul of the dredge off the Cuban coast, near Havana, in 250 fathoms water, and obtained a superb specimen of the very rare *Pentacrinus caput medusæ*, the first ever obtained so near our coast, and perhaps hardly represented as yet in any of our museums.

After returning to Key West the doctor took charge of the dredging on board the Coast Survey steamer *Bache*, but ill health prevented his prosecuting this to any extent.

We noticed some time since the foundation of the "Brown Institution," near London, for the treatment and investigation of the diseases of animals. Professors Sanderson and Klein are now undertaking in that establishment a work of great public utility, viz., a series of observations on the treatment and comparative pathology of pleuro-pneumonia—a disease which has committed such costly ravages among the herds of cattle in Europe and America during the last few years.

It may interest some of our readers who have heard of the enormous prices paid in this country for impregnated salmon eggs ($40 a thousand) to know the prices at which articles of this kind are sold at the great national German fish establishment at Hüningen. From a price-list before us we notice that the eggs of the salmon, and of several other species of the trout family, with the embryo developed, can be supplied at from a dollar to a dollar and ten cents per thousand. The eggs of the grayling cost only thirty cents per thousand, those of the coregonus, the genus to which the white-fish of our lakes belongs, are sold at about six cents a thousand, and those of the pike at five cents. Young fish are offered also at somewhat advanced prices; thus, a thousand young salmon will be furnished at from three to six dollars a thousand, in proportion to the extent of their development.

The cranium of a humpback whale, from the Caribbean Sea, has been recently sent to the Academy of Sciences, Philadelphia, and Professor Cope, after a careful examination, recognizes it as a new species, which he names *Megaptera bellicosa*. At the same meeting he exhibited portions of the fossil skeleton of a large crocodile from the greensand of New Jersey, which he called *Holops pneumaticus*, from the hollow condition of the bones of the limbs.

On the 26th of March last an earthquake was experienced in California and adjacent Territories, which is said to have been the most severe since the American occupation of the country. In October, 1869, a very violent shock occurred, but the more recent one seems to have been of still greater magnitude. Although rather feeble at San Francisco, it became more and more severe toward the south, increasing in energy, and being quite severe at the height of several thousand feet up the Sierras. The area of disturbance was at least 500 miles long by 60 to 100 wide. The shock was greatest in the valleys, and its line followed the Sierra. The California papers were filled with local accounts of the disturbances, consisting in the opening of fissures in the ground, the change of level of adjacent localities, the drying of some springs and the bursting forth of others, and various features usually attendant upon such startling phenomena.

A remarkable story from Newfoundland is detailed in a letter to the New York *Times* of April 15, to the effect that a Danish brig just arrived, which had left Disco on the 1st of March, brought information that the *Polaris*, under Captain Hall, had been there for two days undergoing repairs and procuring a fresh supply of provisions. The account goes on to say that on the evening of February 8 the *Polaris* encountered extremely heavy weather, and while lying to, owing to the shallowness of the water, ran among ice snags, which caused a leak in the vessel, and made it necessary to proceed to Disco for repairs. Mysterious intimations were given of wonderful discoveries which had already been made by the *Polaris*, indicating the existence of a genial atmosphere and open seas in the extreme north. Plants indigenous to southern climes were detected in the ice, while a floating stick of wood proved to be northern birch. Throughout the whole of the month of February very little ice was seen, and the skies were literally alive with meteors of the most gorgeous description.

On Christmas-day the ship was hemmed in by a heavy field of ice, but the weather was as pleasant as an Italian spring day. Such was the reluctance of Captain Hall to have the further discoveries which he is expecting to make shared by rival expeditions that, according to the writer, he did not send word of his return to the Secretary of the Navy, which was certainly a very reprehensible omission. The entire story bears little evidence of credibility, and will at least require further confirmation before it can be accepted.

The report of Professor Hayden of his geological explorations in Montana and the adjacent Territories during the past season has just been published at the office of the Congressional printer; the promptness with which the manuscript was furnished by the authors of the several papers and printed by the public printer being deserving of much commendation. The book itself is an octavo of five hundred pages, with geological sections, maps, diagrams, and two plates of new species of orthopterous insects.

Our readers will remember the interesting discoveries made by Professor Hayden in the geyser region of the Yellow Stone Lake and Fire Hole River, resulting in the passage of a law by Congress setting apart a tract of land nearly sixty miles square as a public park forever for the benefit of the people of the United States.

The present report contains full details of the country, the location of the principal geysers and hot springs, and a plan of the reservation in question. As appendices to the report, we have a paper on the agricultural resources of the regions traversed, by Professor Thomas, and letters by Mr. R. S. Elliott, well known for his labors in reference to tree-planting on the prairies, and other subjects. A division of the volume is devoted to the paleontology of the survey, and embraces papers on the fossil flora, by Professor Lesquereaux; on the fossil vertebrates of the cretaceous strata of Kansas, and of the Wahsatch group, by Professor Cope; on the vertebrates of the tertiary formation of Wyoming, by Professor Leidy; and on the invertebrate fossils, by Professor Meek. Lists of recent insects, reptiles, fishes, plants, etc., are also included; as also a communication on meteorology by Mr. Beaman, one of the assistants of the survey. Many new species, both recent and fossil, are described in the report, and it is understood that fuller details will hereafter appear, properly illustrated, in the final report, which is now in the course of preparation.

Mr. Seth Green has lately transmitted a number of living black bass to Mr. Newell, president of the Society for the Acclimation of Fish in California. They were placed in tin cans, the water of which was changed every six hours by the agents of the express company to whom they were committed, and more than half survived, reaching their destination in good condition, where they will probably be the progenitors of an extensive population.

Among the losses which science has experienced during the present year we may mention that of Rev. Canon Moseley, on the 20th of January last, in the seventy-first year of his age. This gentleman was well known as a contributor to scientific periodicals on various subjects, especially upon the glaciers, and more particularly upon their movements as connected with the physics of ice.

The great megalithic monument at Avebury, in Wiltshire, one of the most remarkable in England, has been purchased by that indefatigable archæologist, Sir John Lubbock, to preserve it from threatened destruction.

Sir William Logan, long well known as director of the Geological Survey of Canada, and as a geologist of high position, has endowed a "Logan Chair of Geology" in the M'Gill University, Montreal, with the sum of $20,000. Professor Dawson will be the first Logan Professor, and it is intended that by means of this endowment he shall, as soon as possible, be relieved from other duties, so as to enable him to devote his entire time to geology and paleontology.

Mr. J. Matthew Jones, who was engaged for many years in the investigation of the natural history of the Bermudas, and who has just returned to Halifax from a recent visit to the islands for the purpose of continuing his labors, informs the editor of *Nature* that he also has obtained a pelagic fish nest, similar to that described by Professor Agassiz, and possibly of the same species. This was taken from some floating gulf-weed, and forms a mass about eight inches in depth by five in breadth. The whole is thicker at the top, and woven together by fine elastic threads, forming a raft, from which hang the clustering masses of eggs, about the size of No. 7 shot. These threads are very strong, especially at their terminal bases on the fucus sprays, where several are apparently twisted together like the fibres of a rope. The sea-weed is not only on the summit, but sundry sprays are interwoven with the mass of eggs, thus rendering the fabric solid and secure.

Among recent deaths of persons eminent in science we may mention that of Dr. Samuel Jackson, former Professor of the Institutes of Medicine of the University of Pennsylvania, which took place at Philadelphia on the 5th of April last. Dr. Jackson was born in Philadelphia in 1787, and was therefore eighty-five years of age. He held the position of active professor for twenty-eight years, and retired in 1863. He was well known as a physician and surgeon of great eminence, and for a long time occupied a leading position. He was also an author of some celebrity, and quite popular as a lecturer. His most important work was "The Principles of Medicine," first published in 1832, and which has gone through numerous editions.

We learn from California that Professor J. D. Whitney, the accomplished State Geologist of California, has undertaken to collect the facts in regard to the late earthquake, and has proceeded, with this object, to Inyo County, the centre of its most active manifestation. As Professor Whitney has made a specialty of the study of earthquakes and the accompanying and resultant phenomena, we have no doubt that much light will be thrown upon this interesting topic.

A communication was presented to the National Academy of Sciences, at its annual meeting, on the 16th of April last, from Professor Agassiz, dated Montevideo, February 26. In this he expresses his gratification at finding evident traces of glacial action in the vicinity of Montevideo, as shown by the occurrence of phenomena which were quite satisfactory to his mind. He leaves the question undecided as to the origin of the erratic boulders found scattered over the surface, but hopes that his further investigations in the southern hemisphere will enable him to supply the necessary data.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Rowland Hill being once annoyed by his foot-boy singing profane songs while cleaning the knives and forks, ordered him, under pain of dismissal, to sing hymns. But as the work proceeded only to the tune of the solemn yet slow measure, he was compelled to tell the boy to return to his old style of profane music; otherwise his knives and forks would never have been ready in time for dinner.

There is no end of cats in the Isle of Man, because they have no tails.

What comes after cheese?—Mice.

An out-of-town couple applied to a drug store for soda-water. "What sirup?" propounded the clerk. "Sirup? sirup?" repeated the bucolic fop, with an incredulous stare; and then, leaning forward, he impressively added, "Stranger, money is no object to me to-day—you can put sugar in them."

A curate having been overhauled by his bishop for attending a ball, the former replied, "Sir, I wore a mask." "Oh, well," returned the bishop, "that puts a new face on the affair."

A Stern Guide—The rudder.

"What is your hurry, Jimmie?" asked a kind lady of a precocious urchin who had called on his way to school the other day. "Oh, I must go." "Where are you going, Jimmie?" With a heavy sigh, and pointing to the school-house, "Into the house of correction, ma'am!"

Single-minded People—Bachelors.

A proud father in England lately explained to a school-teacher as follows: "What accounts for John being sich a bad scollar is that he's my sun by my wife's first husband."

A Weather Report—A clap of thunder.

An Irishman, who had blistered his fingers trying to draw on a pair of boots, exclaimed aloud, "I believe I shall never get 'em on until I wear 'em a day or two."

Always "hard pressed"—Bricks.

An old "Revolutioner" says that of all the solemn hours he ever saw, that occupied in going home one dark night from the widow Bean's, after being told by her daughter Sally that he needn't come again, was the most solemn.

A Burlington (Iowa) baby is immortalized by the following epitaph:

"Beneath this stone our baby lays;
He neither cries nor hollers;
He lived just one-and-twenty days,
And cost us forty dollars."

An original poem thus immortalizes the original settlers in Derryfield, New Hampshire, the former name of Manchester:

"It was often said that their only care
And their only wish and their only prayer
For the present world and the world to come
Was a string of eels and a jug of rum."

Judge. "Well, you are fond of stealing: if I should let you steal now, what would you steal?"

Prisoner. "I would steal away, your honor."

"Why is dat hat like the United States?" said Pompey to Squash, holding up his dilapidated beaver. "Cos—cos—dunno, nigger." "Well, cos it's not subject to a crown."

A Noose-Paper—The marriage-certificate.

Song of the Garden Seed—Lay me in my little bed.

A theatrical man of experience was remarking to a friend how great an attraction a showy spectacle introducing real water had with the public. "Ah!" chimed in the other, "that's because people see so little 'real water' off the stage."

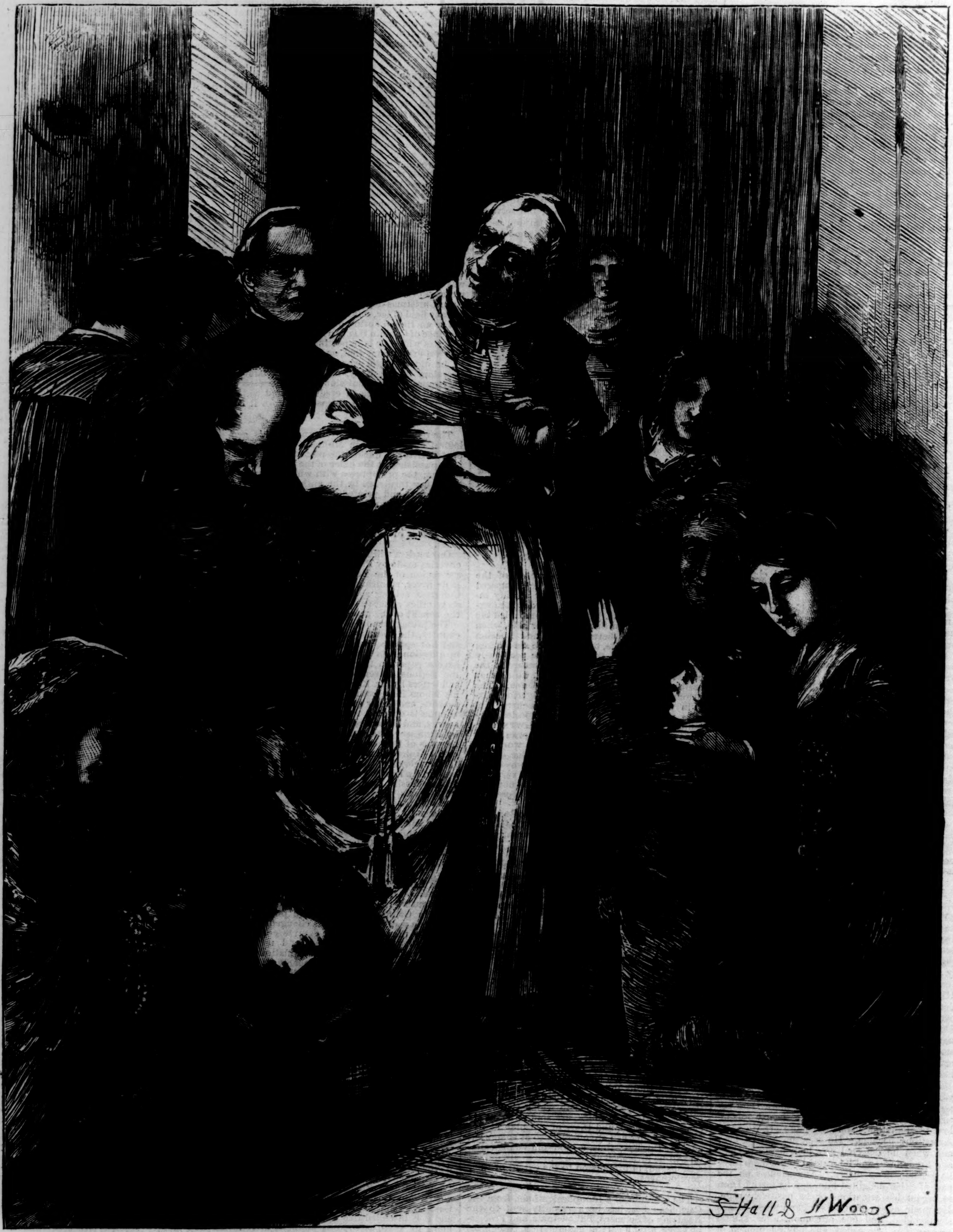
A fool of a dog in Indiana chases his tail until he drops down with exhaustion. This is one of the cases where the tail wags the dog.

## AN AUDIENCE WITH PIUS IX.

THE artist to whose pencil our readers owe the accompanying illustration writes as follows:

"This was one of those week-day receptions usually largely attended by visitors to Rome. A request is sent to a Monsignore, and after more or less time a printed invitation comes through his hands, in which we are bidden to appear at the Vatican on an appointed day; ladies to be dressed in black and veiled, gentlemen in evening dress without gloves. The scene of the reception varies. In this case it was in the Loggia of Pio IX., a long and narrow arcade painted on the model of the Loggia of Raphael, which faces it across the court, on the same floor. When I entered it was lined on either side with chairs, on which sat those who were about to be presented. I found a place, and composed myself to wait full half an hour. There were the walls to look at, covered with arabesques and paintings of birds, beasts, and fishes. The fishes recalled the occupation of the first of the popes. There are quails that fed the children of Israel; ibises that the Egyptians worshiped; the pelican of the wilderness; the owl in the desert; the sparrow on the house-top; locusts, wild honey, and wild guinea-pigs.

"My studies were divided between a very pretty American girl, to whose *confetti* I had offered myself as a victim during Carnival, and an English militia officer in silver and scarlet of a very ancient fashion. All of us had brought rosaries to be blessed, which hung on our arms, the gentlemen being bedizened with armlets and bracelets and necklaces almost as much as the ladies. At length a Swiss Guard appeared at the end of the gallery, and after him a Monsignore, who made a sign which we interpreted to mean 'The Pope is coming; you had better kneel.' So we all knelt. And between the kneeling lines came the Pope; lifted his hand for a minute in benediction; then motioned us to rise. So we all rose. The Pope was in his statuesque dress of white—all white. He was followed by Monsignori in black and violet, one of whom held his scarlet hat. Then one by one his visitors were introduced to him, not by their names but by their nations; and to an American he would say, 'Ah, New York!' to the Irish, 'Ah, Doblino!' to the English, 'Ah, Londra!' The person addressed meanwhile bent the knee, and kissed the hand of his Holiness.



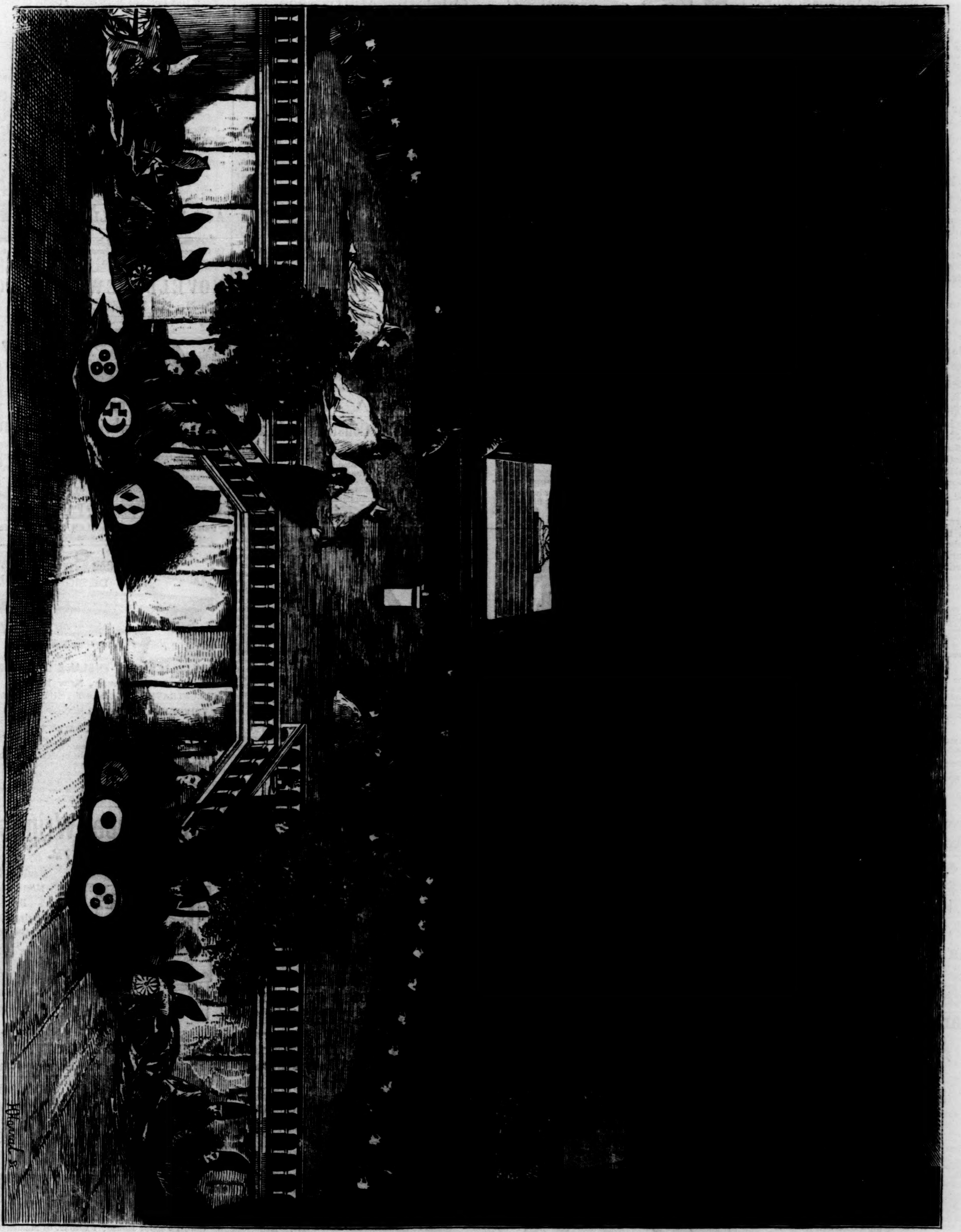

ROME—AN AUDIENCE WITH PIUS IX. IN THE VATICAN.

"I was wondering whether I should kneel decorously and kiss his hand in the right place, when his progress was stopped by a little boy who was suddenly possessed and prophesied—in other words, he knelt and repeated a piece of poetry before him. The Pope was brought to a long stand-still; he philosophically took out his

snuff-box, and patted now the snuff-box, now the head of the little boy; said 'Bravo! bravo!' and between the pinches addressed a kind word to the mother, who knelt alongside.

"In time the child finished, and the Pope moved on. My turn had all but come; but when the Pope was next but one to me my next neighbor, a young girl, prostrated herself before him, and flung her arms about, with wild gesticulations, close to my face. She made a fervid address, in which the words 'barbarians,' 'temples,' 'profanation,' were heard at short intervals. Now there was scarcely a yard between the Pope and myself, and we kept looking, first at the girl, and then at one another, exchanging glances of scant approval, so that I seemed to get quite at home with his Holiness. Once, upon my word, his eyes twinkled so that I thought he winked at me; and the snuff-box was so close that I should not have been surprised if he had offered me a pinch. Now this familiarity into which I had been betrayed by these touches of nature and pinches of snuff bred contempt for me in the mind of the Holy Father; for when my own introduction came, though I bent the knee most humbly and kissed his hand most reverently (just between the third and little finger below the ring), he vouchsafed me never a word—not even 'Ah, Londra!'

"He passed on, and when all had been introduced he made a short speech in French, in which he trusted that in these times of error his blessing might tend to lead us to truth. So he blessed us, and all our crosses and rosaries, while we knelt again. And so the audience ended; but just as the Pope was going away a lady threw herself on the ground before him to kiss his foot, and a Monsignore gallantly assisted by lifting up the white robe from the scarlet slipper. It was a little comic this, but showed what marvelous hold the spiritual power has still over the hearts of women, if not of men."



A VISIT TO THE MIKADO OF JAPAN.

## A VISIT TO THE MIKADO.

IN Japan we see at this day many features of the highest interest, as illustrating passages in the ancient Hebrew Scriptures. As Heaven's vicegerent and spiritual ruler, the Mikado's face can not be seen, but only his "hinder" parts ("nether" in the original Hebrew). The Mikado, therefore, presents himself on occasions of high ceremonial as he appears in the accompanying sketch, enthroned on an elevated dais, the upper half of his body screened by a curtain, his nether person being alone visible to the prelates and courtiers. But the Mikado still further represents the Deity, inasmuch as the adoration is not rendered to himself, but to that symbol which is the actual "Keblah"—that upright stone with which we are acquainted in Genesis, and which is the sacred object in the Khaba of Mecca. Here, in Japan, is the same symbol, rendered under the form of the renewal of the productive properties of the earth, and of the Deity in His creative power. And this is the state formula as prescribed for the masses; but the initiated enjoy a separate and a philosophical view of theology:

they place a mirror on their high altar, and they teach (in their mysteries) that what is seen in the mirror is but reflection (or "Maya"), or the apparent and not the real; and they reverse the mirror and discover a blank, which they deem a mystery, and as the Unknown and Unknowable, and the Real.

WE are informed that the sales of the Northern Pacific R. R. 7.30 Gold Bonds in the United States during March and April were $1,891,900.

OMAHA LEGAL ENTERPRISE. $150,000 in 3000 Cash Prizes will positively be drawn in open public May 30th, in aid of Mercy Hospital. Indorsed by the Governor and the State Authorities. Tickets, $3 each, or two for $5. LAST CHANCE. Address PATTEE & GARDINER, OMAHA, NEBRASKA, or PATTEE & Co., 114 Broadway, New York.—[*Com.*]

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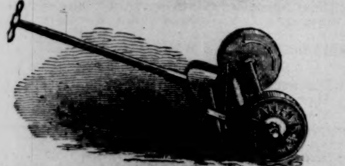

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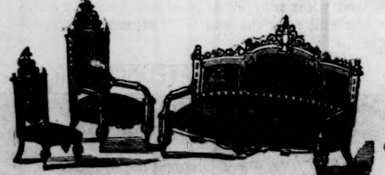

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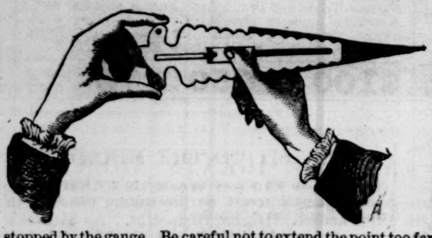

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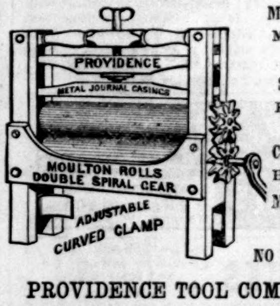


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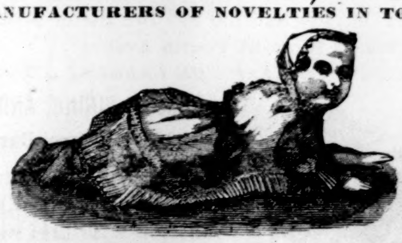

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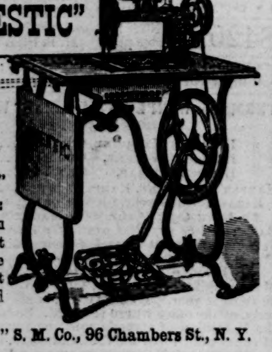

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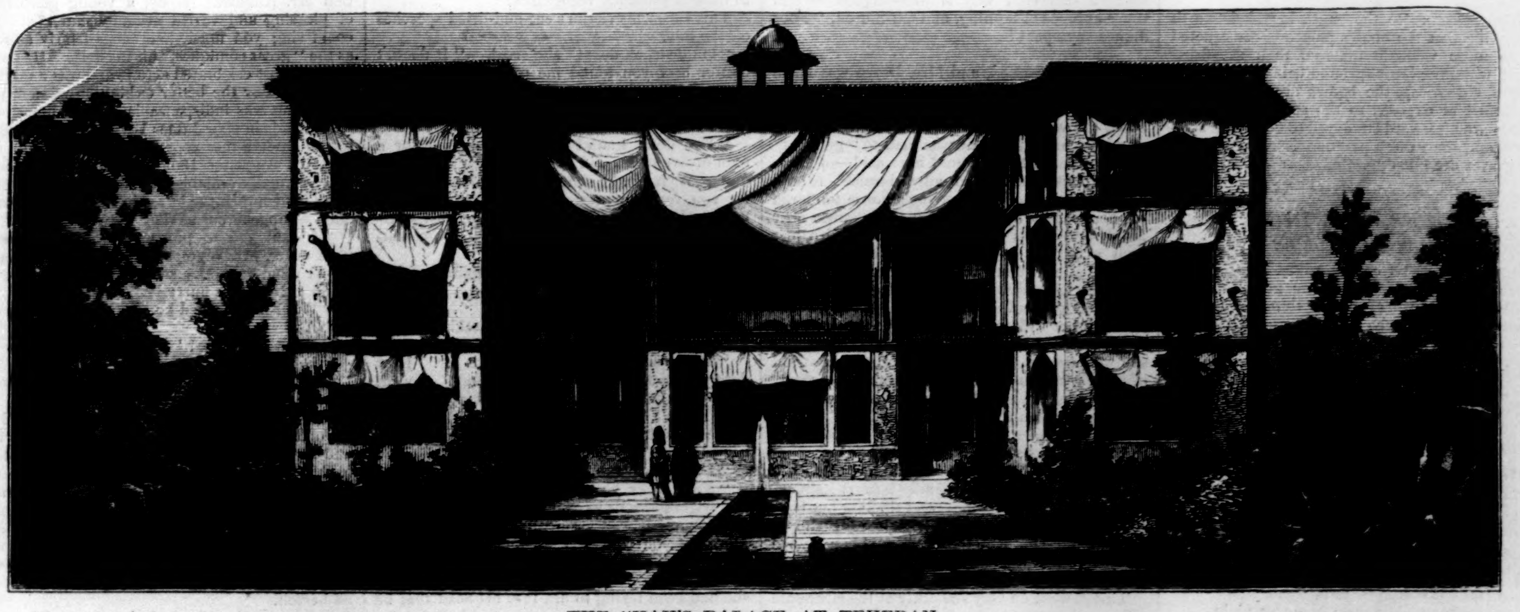

THE SHAH'S PALACE AT TEHERAN.

THESE engravings, which severally represent the palace of the Shah and the exterior and interior of a Parsee burial-ground, may be found interesting at the present time, when public attention has been directed to Persia on account of the terrible famine which is still prevailing there. It has been very difficult to ascertain the real truth about this terrible calamity, for the Persian officials declared that it was not nearly so severe as represented, and that it was chiefly confined to the nomad tribes. With reference to the latter statement, it must be borne in mind that out of the 9,500,000 inhabitants of Persia only 7,000,000 are descended from the old natives of the soil, and that the 2,500,000 who remain are all wandering tribes of various origin, who, though they live in the heart of the community, yet are separate from it, forming almost distinct classes by the nature of their habits.

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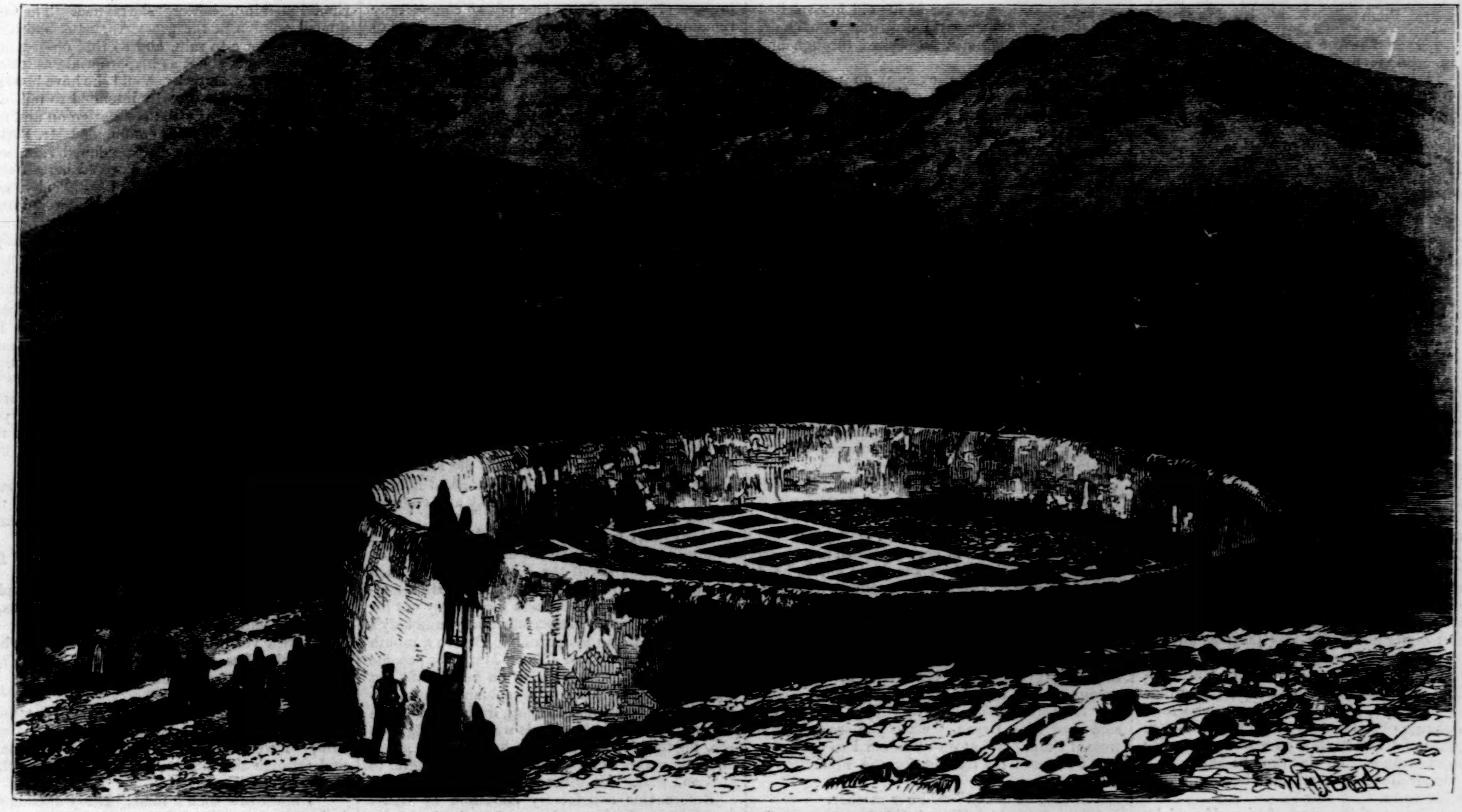


EXTERIOR OF A PARSEE BURIAL-GROUND NEAR TEHERAN.

INTERIOR OF A PARSEE BURIAL-GROUND NEAR TEHERAN.

selves, after the fashion of Roman proconsuls, by extorting as much money as possible from the inhabitants.

With reference to the engravings, it is worth remarking that the Shah's palace is constructed of no more valuable material than sun-dried mud; while the burial-ground being unprovided with any doorway, the bodies are carried over the wall and exposed to the sun and vultures. Stones are afterward employed to cover the skeletons, and the same operation is repeated until the graves are filled up.

## A POET'S SONG IN MAY.

By R. H. STODDARD.

I WONDER if 'tis common,
 When heads like mine are gray,
To lose the love of simple things,
The song the early bluebird sings,
 The frail, sweet buds of May?

I know the heavens above me
 Are beautiful; I know
The apple orchards are in bloom:
I catch in passing their perfume,
 Their drifts of rosy snow!

Time was, at this bright season,
 I loved to walk the wood;
I loved to pace the sandy shore,
And hearken to the ocean's roar,
 And I pronounced it good!

A blossom by the hedge-row,
 A shadowy tuft of fern,
The swallows skimming home at night,
I took delight in all—delight
 That never will return!

Ah! why—why have I lost it?
 Because my hopes are flown?
Because my wishes have been crossed,
And I have loved—how much!—and lost?
 Because I am alone?

But other men before me,
 And other men to be,
Have borne and yet will bear the same,
Nor cast on sovereign Nature blame,
 Nor lost her love—like me.

I will go back to Nature;
 I will arise and go;
Will find her in her shy retreat,
Will kneel and kiss her sacred feet,
 And weep and worship so:

"Dear mother Nature! see me,
 And give me eyes to see:
Reveal thyself to me again,
For I can bear all earthly pain—
 If only I have thee!"

## POOR JAMES WYMPER.

WHEN he was a child they called him "poor little James." He wasn't little, and he wasn't poor, so far as worldly goods went; nor did those who called him "poor" use the word in kindness toward the motherless, neglected boy. He had red eyelids. No power could brush his hair smooth, or keep the knees of his trowsers clean. He had a wonderful faculty for cutting his fingers, and wrapping them up in unpleasant-looking rags. He always had a cold in his head. At the age of twelve he could barely read two syllables. His only use in the world appeared to be to serve as an awful example to naughty boys who would play with knives and disliked soap and water; and for this purpose he was used pretty freely. They sent him to a big school, where he did nothing but get bullied; and when his father died, and left him very poor in a new sense of the word, the distant relative who took him in charge out of charity could find no better employment for him than to sweep out the office and run of errands. By this time he had ceased to be "poor little James," and became POOR JAMES WYMPER.

He could do nothing good of himself, and by some curious perversity set himself to undo the good others had done. He had a craze for taking things to pieces by no means equaled by his capacity to put them together again. He complained that they did not give him time, and declared that, this granted, the condition of the victims of his handiwork would be improved. Be this as it might be, every piece of mechanism that fell in his way, from his cousin's sewing-machine to the great hydraulic press at his protector's works, was made to suffer.

He had a fatal aptitude for being always in the way. He seemed to be all elbows. He could not move ten steps to save his life without treading upon some one's toes, or upsetting something. When you spoke to him, he was always in a fog. "The boy is half an idiot," groaned the worthy cotton-spinner whose bread he ate.

At the age of eighteen he had made only two friends in the world, a blacksmith and a cat—an evil-minded black Tom, who swore at every one else, and bit them savagely when they attempted to put him through the tricks which poor James Wymper had taught him. Amateur hammering at the forge did not improve untidy Jim's appearance; and his cat—not being in a show—did not increase his income. He ran errands for his cousin like a boy when he had attained man's estate, until one day when he ran one for himself—and did not come back again.

Fears were entertained that he had come to a bad end. The police were put in motion and rewards offered; but his friend the blacksmith, upon being pressed, said that he had gone to "Mereker"—cat and all.

I do not think that his relations were broken-hearted. I fancy that good Mr. Bryce, the cotton-spinner, was rather glad to be rid of his wife's cousin the errand-boy. His wife, who was not unkind to the forlorn lad in a way of her own—a very cold way it was—sighed several times apropos of nothing, and murmured, "Poor James Wymper!"

Five years passed, and Mrs. Bryce was left a widow, by no means so well provided for as she expected to be. Moreover, there was a lawsuit about the will and a squabble in the winding up of the partnership. She was glad to "get shut"—as her defunct lord would have said—of Manchester; and seeing an advertisement to the effect that a widow lady having a house too large for her, pleasantly situated on the Thames near Maidenhead, was prepared to share it with just such a person as herself, transported herself thither, after a due exchange of references and such-like formalities, and found no reason to regret what she had done.

The other widow does not figure much in this story, and therefore it will be enough to say that she was a quiet, lady-like woman, rather afraid of her partner in housekeeping, with a daughter, aged eighteen, who ruled the pair, and made the place very pleasant.

Bessy Jervoice was not pretty. Besides her eyes, she had not a good feature in her face; but it was a *good* face—earnest and loving, with a sub-current of fun running under it (as the stream runs under the water-lilies) and rippling out constantly. Her figure and her hair were simply perfection. Her little thorough-bred hands were ever busy, and the patter of her dainty feet was pleasant music in many a poor cottage.

Things went on very smoothly at the river-side villa until one rainy day, when, without a "with your leave," or "by your leave," or letter, or telegram, or message, or any other sort of preparation, in marches poor James Wymper, dripping with rain and splashed with mud up to his hat!

"If you please, Cousin Margaret, I've come back," he said, subsiding in his old low-spirited way into an amber satin drawing-room chair, which in two minutes he soaked through and through.

That was all. No excuse, no petition; a simple announcement that he had come back, conveyed in a manner which made it sufficiently clear that he intended to remain. "If you please, Cousin Margaret, I've come back." Not another word did he say, and relapsed into thinking of something else, as usual.

Interrogated respecting his luggage, he replied that it was on the hall table; and there, sure enough, was found a sodden bundle containing a soiled flannel shirt, a pair of slippers, two pipes, a cloth cap without a peak, and a sailor's knife. In answer to further inquiries he stated that his means were eightpence, that he had been living in America, that he had walked from Liverpool, and that he wanted something to eat. When dried and fed, and asked what he was going to do, he said, "Whatever you please;" and appearing to consider that all difficulty was thus disposed of, he went to sleep.

Poor Mrs. Bryce was at her wit's end. Ordinary hints were thrown away upon such a man. When she said she supposed he was going on to London, he replied, Oh dear, no, he had come from London. When she told him she was only a lodger in the house, he observed that it was a very nice house to lodge in. I have said that she was kind to him in her way when he was an errand-boy, and somehow she could not be hard upon him now. There was something half ludicrous, half melancholy, in his helplessness that disarmed them all. Bessy declared him to be the largest baby she had ever seen, persisted in speaking of him as *it*, and scandalized the matrons by inquiring gravely after tea which of them was going to put *it* to bed.

"It's rather unkind for you to jest so, Bessy," said poor Mrs. Bryce, "when you see how distressed I am. What on earth am I to do?"

"I suppose it's too old for the Foundling?" mused Bessy.

"Bessy, be quiet!" said her mother.

"You dear old darling," said the pert one, afterward, "don't you see that *we* can not treat this thing seriously without making it doubly painful for dear Mrs. Bryce? It will all come right in the end."

"Yes, my dear, but when is the end to begin?"

It was to begin by special arrangement the next day, after breakfast, when the following conversation took place:

"Now, James," said his cousin, "we shall not be interrupted for some time, and you must really give me your serious attention."

"Yes, Cousin Margaret."

"You see, James, you are a man now, and must act and be treated—do you understand?—*treated*, like other people."

"That's just what I want to be."

"Well, then, I must tell you frankly that I am much annoyed by your coming here as you did."

"It wasn't my fault that it rained, Cousin Margaret. I wish it hadn't," he replied, piteously.

"I'm not speaking of your coming in wet and spoiling the chairs, Sir; I am much annoyed at your coming here at all."

The good widow thought that she would get on best by being angry, but it was no use.

"Where else was I to go?" he asked.

"How you found me out I can not think," sighed the victim. The observation was an unlucky one.

"Aha!" he chuckled; "you thought I was a stupid, did you?"

And then followed a long, weary story of how, passing through Manchester, he had seen this person and spoken to that, and obtained the clew by which he had hunted his listener down. What made it more provoking was the credit he took for this cleverness. He warmed to his subject as he went on, and finished with the air of a man who had rendered an important service, and expected to have it promptly recognized.

This threw his victim's cut-and-dried speeches off the line.

"Oh dear, oh dear!" she cried. "It doesn't matter how you found me out, you *have* done so. The question is, what am I to do with you, now you're here? What *am* I to do with you?"

"I don't know, Cousin Margaret."

"You don't know! A pretty answer for a man of five or six and twenty! Now look here, James Wymper. I should like to do something for you, for your poor mother's sake, but I can not; and—and you have no *right* to thrust yourself upon me like this, and—and— Are you attending to me, James Wymper?"

"Yes, Cousin Margaret," he replied, with a jerk, coming suddenly out of his fog.

"What was I saying?"

"That you would like to do something for me for my poor mother's sake."

"That was only half what I said, Sir. How dare you pick out my words like that! I went on to say that I couldn't do any thing for you, and I can't. I've not the means. I'm very poor; I can hardly manage for myself. My husband left me very badly off."

"Did he leave me any thing?"

"You! after your conduct—running away, and frightening us as you did? Is it likely?"

"I know it was wrong to run away, Cousin Margaret; but you see I've come back again," he said, with the utmost gravity.

This was conclusive. For the last half hour she had been trying to din into his head that he had no business to come back, and here he was taking credit for having returned, as an act which was to cancel all the offenses of his youth! Perceiving that his reply had troubled her, he proceeded to promise upon his word of honor that he would never, *never* run away again. What was to be done with such a man? Talking was clearly useless. One of two courses only remained—to endure him, or call a policeman and turn him out neck and crop.

Mrs. Bryce did not call a policeman.

The conduct of poor James Wymper during the next two or three days was what, in another man, would have roused the indignation of all concerned by its almost sublime audacity. The proceedings of Mr. Charles Mathews in "Cool as a Cucumber" are timid and retiring in comparison with those of Mrs. Jervoice's unwelcome guest. If the house and all it contained had belonged to him, and its inhabitants were dependents upon his bounty, he could not have behaved more freely; and all this with an air of innocence which utterly disarmed opposition.

"Oh, never mind me," was his refrain. "I don't want to trouble any body. I'll do it all for myself. *I'm* all right. You let me alone and see."

His first great exploit was to precipitate himself upon a washing and wringing machine which he found, out of order and disused, in a cellar; and whether he had improved in dexterity, or sufficient time was granted him for the realization of his ideas, need not be discussed here. The result was satisfactory. Not only did he put the thing into working order, but he worked it himself, to the intense delight of Bessy and consternation of the cook.

Many other useful things he did. He made a windmill which pumped water up to the top of the house, and saved the sixpence a day which had been paid to a boy for this labor. He mended an old boat there was, and took Bessy out for rows on the river. He became that young lady's right-hand man in her garden. Before a month was over not only had Cousin Margaret become quite resigned to have him on her hands, but Mrs. Jervoice refused to accept any remuneration for his board and lodging, declaring that he was well worth his keep. It was something, you see, for these lone women to have a man about the house who could and would put his hand to this and that. He did not cut his fingers now.

Before this satisfactory condition of affairs had been arrived at, tailor and hosier had been set to work, and really poor James Wymper brightened up wonderfully in appearance under their hands. If his head had not been so big, and his elbows and knees so uncomfortably conspicuous, he would not have been a bad-looking man. He was evidently a good-hearted one. He would do any thing in his power, poor fellow, for any one; was, in fact, rather too active sometimes when he had been longer than usual in one of his fogs, on which occasions he would labor like an amiable bull in a china-shop, and cause some consternation. Of course he made friends with the nearest blacksmith.

In the early days, when he had not ceased to be considered a nuisance and an intruder, Bessy had stood his friend. One always takes an interest in those one befriends, and Bessy took a great interest in poor James Wymper—drawing him out, encouraging him, and defending him against practical jokes; but as time passed this young person's feelings toward him appeared to undergo a change. Instead of praising what he did, and encouraging him to farther exertion, she found fault and snubbed him. She ceased to make fun of him as "it," and had a store of little bitter disparaging remarks, about his dependence, his want of self-respect, and so on, ready to shoot at him. "I think you are too severe on poor James Wymper," Mrs. Jervoice would say: "he is really very willing, and one must not expect too much of him, poor fellow." If another man had done what he did, he would not have been damned with such faint praise; but he was only "poor James Wymper," and, like the proverbial prophet, had little credit in his own country.

One morning was marked with an unusual event. Poor James Wymper received a letter with American stamps upon it.

Among the visitors at Willow Bank—the Thames-side villa of Mrs. Jervoice—was a certain Mr. Augustus Bailey, a young gentleman of pleasing and varied accomplishments. He could sing you music-hall songs nearly as well as the "great comiques," his masters. He could imitate most celebrated actors, and was a mighty punster. For the better exhibition of such talents a butt was indispensable, and he found one ready-made in poor James Wymper. It is needless to observe that poor James Wymper did not love Mr. Augustus Bailey; but it was curious that a usually amiable girl like Bessy Jervoice should encourage the latter in sallies which were often as ungenerous as they were insolent.

"I want you to put my sewing-machine in good order, Mr. Wymper," said Bessy one day; "and mind it works smoothly, for I've got to make a dress in a hurry."

"What for?" asked he.

"A picnic."

"What's a picnic?"

"Don't tease."

"Very well;" and he set to work on the sewing-machine.

Bessy took a seat beside him, and, mollified by his obedience, condescended to explain the rites and mysteries of a picnic. This one was got up by Mr. Augustus Bailey, and—as she narrated—it was "Mr. Bailey will provide" this, and "Mr. Bailey thinks" that, until the workman threw down his screw-driver in a passion, and exclaimed, "Confound Mr. Bailey!" Bessy was astonished. She got as far as, "Why, you're not jeal—" when she became very red, and checked herself.

"I'm not what?" asked poor James Wymper.

"You're not so stupid as you try to make out, Sir."

"That's not what you were going to say."

"How do you know?"

"You said, 'you are not jel'—something."

"Not jelly, then, or salt, or sugar, that you should melt in a shower," she replied. The last-quoted opinion of the great Augustus had been that it was sure to rain, and so this observation of Miss Bessy was not as inappropriate as it may at first appear. But why should she have blushed so? And if she had really intended to tell him he was not jelly, why did she not go on and say so? Besides, he had not confounded Mr. Bailey because that authority had predicted rain, and Miss Bessy knew it. She flattered herself that she had got very cleverly out of a difficulty, and the blush changed to a smile; but she had only made bad worse. To tell a man that he will not suffer under the rain on a stated occasion naturally implies that he may be subjected to a wetting on such occasion; and—

"Oh, then I'm to go!" said poor James.

This was a poser. He had not been invited, and there was a reason why he could not be. He looked up from his work with such a happy smile on his great broad face that Bessy's heart smote her.

"Well, you see, the gentlemen are mostly friends of Mr. Bailey. We invite them, you know, but—you won't be hurt if I tell you the truth, James Wymper?"

"Does truth hurt?"

"Sometimes. The fact is, that it is customary at water picnics for the gentlemen to provide the boats and music and wine, and that costs money, you know."

"Oh! so I can not go because I have not got money to pay my share, eh?"

"You would not like to place yourself under an obligation to Mr. Bailey and his friends, I suppose?" she said, with a sneer.

"I wish you would not curl your lip so when you speak, Miss Jervoice. That *does* hurt," he said, with a low voice and bended head.

"I beg your pardon!"

"Oh, never mind. But suppose," he continued, gayly, as though a bright thought had struck him, "I were to help to row one of the boats, and arrange the dinner and that, wouldn't they let me come?"

"I never saw such a man!" Bessy exclaimed, losing all patience. "Have you no single spark of self-respect, no dignity? Oh, how can you be so mean-spirited!"

"Work is as good as money any day," he replied, looking her full in the face.

"Yes, if you go as a servant."

"You said just now that every one had to make himself useful at a picnic."

"It's no use arguing with you; you *will* not or can not understand."

"You don't want me to go?"

"On the contrary, I should like you to join us if—"

"If I had the money?"

"If you could go on an equality with the rest."

"Well, I've got five pounds. Is that enough?"

"Five times enough. But where on earth did you get it?"

"Sam sent it in that letter."

"And who is 'Sam,' pray?"

"My chum in Chicago."

"Don't you think it would be more proper to give the money to your cousin, who has been so liberal to you?"

"Oh, I'll pay her some day. This runs first-rate now," he said, collecting his tools. "Do let me go to the picnic. Come now; you help me to get an invitation, and I'll make your skirt."

And, if you'll believe me, this man set to work with the machine he had just set in order, and ran seven breadths of the blue silk together as tight as wax and as straight as a rule, without missing a stitch.

As Bessy made a point of his being invited, and Mr. Augustus Bailey was her humble servant and hoped to be something more, no difficulty arose on this point; but on another there was trouble. Some cockneys had misbehaved themselves on the meadows where it was fixed that our party should dine, and the proprietor,

hardening his heart against all picnickers, had refused his permission. The outing was nearly given up, when it was discovered that a mile or two farther on there was an estate to let bordering on the river, and the great Augustus made it all right with the agent.

The next day poor James Wymper disappeared before breakfast, and did not return till night.

Where had he been? To London. What for? Why, to buy some new clothes, to be sure! Did they think he was going to let that skunk (by which term, I am sorry to say, he permitted himself to designate the elegant and highly scented Augustus Bailey)—did they think he was going to let that skunk insult him again about his coat?

"I hope you did not think I had run away again, Cousin Margaret," he added, with some anxiety.

There was nothing to find fault with in his personal appearance on the morning of the picnic—dark green and black heather mixture suit, tie to match, black felt wide-awake, with a little mallard's feather stuck in the band.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Jervoice; "he looks quite handsome."

"Who is that talking to Mrs. Bryce?" asked the inevitable curate. "What a magnificent head he has?"

"*Wh—at!*" shouted the great Augustus.

"Magnificent to a phrenologist, I mean," the curate explained.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the "skunk." "Look here, you fellows; here's a joke. Mr. Day says he is a phrenologist, and finds Wymper's head *magnificent!* Ha, ha, ha! Why, don't you know," he added, in a whisper, "that the fellow's half an idiot?"

During the embarkation and the row up the river poor James Wymper's conduct was peculiar. Instead of doing every thing for every body, as usual, he stood apart, and ordered people about royally.

"I'm quite pleased with you to-day," whispered Bessy, as he handed her out of the boat on the banks of the estate that was *to let*.

"Now, I say, you—er—what's your name?—you, Wymper, come and help take the hampers out!" said the great Augustus.

"Take them out yourself, you—er, Bailey!" he shouted back. "You haven't been rowing; I have;" and he strutted on to join a party of ladies, including Bessy. Bessy turned on hearing the loud talking, and somehow got detached from her friends.

"Why are you pleased with me to-day, Miss Jervoice?" he asked, as they sauntered on together side by side through the shrubbery.

"Would you very much like to know?"

"I shouldn't have asked unless."

"Guess, then."

"Because I've been making myself disagreeable?"

"I don't think you have been making yourself disagreeable."

"Well, then, because I haven't been making myself useful?"

"That is not the way to put it; but you are burning."

"Because I've got new clothes?"

"Nonsense! You know what I mean, or you wouldn't have answered as you did at first. Good gracious! I hope it is not going to rain."

"Tell me why," he persisted.

"Oh, don't tease."

"All right."

As soon as he did not want to know, she, woman-like, wanted to tell him. So in a minute or two she began again.

"It is a great mistake to make one's self too cheap. There are some people who gain respect by being good-natured, and some people who lose it."

"Ah, I see!" he replied; "I won't be good-natured any more."

"Oh, you *are* so silly! Don't you know there is a medium in every thing? But really it *is* going to rain: I felt a big drop. My new blue costume will be ruined."

"Well, we can go into the house. Here it is."

The shrubbery walk was so thickly hedged that they had not seen where they were going, and at a sudden turn there, sure enough, was the villa close at hand.

"I suppose we might stand under the veranda?" suggested Bessy; and doubling up her skirts, she ran for it; for the rain came down with a dash—came down with a slant too, driven by the wind, so that the veranda gave them little shelter.

"I wonder if any of the windows" (they were French windows, opening to the ground) "are open?" said her companion, trying them.

"Oh, we mustn't go in," said Bessy.

"Very well."

"But the splashing is spoiling my dress; don't you see? and my boots will be wet through," pleaded the inconsistent one.

"Then go in," said poor James Wymper, opening a window, "and I will run round and make it all right with the people in charge."

In ten minutes he rejoined her, saying that it *was* all right.

"What a pretty room!" she said, looking at herself in the pier-glass. (Did you ever know a girl to enter a strange room without going straight up to the glass?)

"Hum—m, yes," he replied; "but the fellow who built it was an ass. Why, you have to twist your neck to get a view of the river from these things"—with a contemptuous kick toward the French windows. "If I had it, I'd knock that veranda into a cocked hat, break out a big bow in the middle, and then it would be something like."

"Oh, you'd work wonders, I dare say," she said, rather crossly; "only it would be as well to do something toward getting a house of your own before you think about improving other people's."

"It *would* be nice to have a house of one's own," he said; "particularly—"

"Well, go on."

"Particularly if it had a bow-window."

"James Wymper!"

"And a pretty meadow for picnics. But I suppose it would not do to give people leave to picnic on one's grounds?"

"Why not?"

"Would that not be being good-natured?"

"I did not mean that sort of good nature."

"If I had a fine house and grounds like this, I might be good-natured, then?"

"It's no use arguing with you," she replied, sharply. "Is it ever going to leave off? Our picnic will be quite spoiled."

"Never mind; we'll have another soon. I dare say Sam will send me some more money."

"Are you not ashamed of yourself, James Wymper, to take money like a beggar?" she said, with flashing eyes.

"Oh, I don't take it like a beggar."

"Yes, you do."

"No, I don't."

"A man who takes money that he does not earn, takes it like a beggar—there!"

"Who told you I take money I do not earn?"

"Of course you can not earn it."

"Why of course?"

"What a plague you are! What do you do to earn it?"

"Nothing now."

"What have you ever done?"

"Lots of things."

"Do you mean to say that this person you call 'Sam' really owes you money?" She came quickly to his side as she spoke, and laid her hand on his arm.

"Yes, he does."

"What for?"

"For my share of what we did at Chicago."

"That could not have been much."

"What?"

"Your share."

"Sam says it was half. Sam's generally right."

"Where is Chicago?"

"Well, now, that is good! You don't know where Chicago is, and you're clever. *I* know."

"Of course, when you've been there."

"That's true," he replied, after reflection.

"Did you really get your living there?" she asked.

"Yes, I did."

"Then go back. Oh, James, do—*do* go back. I can't bear to see you as you are—dependent and looked down on. Oh, do go back, and work like a man! I suppose it is because we women are so dependent that we prize and honor independence. For me there is nothing so contemptible as a strong man who is idle and contented. Go back to Chicago. I shall be sorry to lose you, because—because I like you very much, and you have been very kind to me; but don't you know, can not you imagine, how happy, how glorious it must be to strive and conquer—to stand erect before the world, owing nothing but to God and your own honest labor?"

"I can, I do!" he cried, starting up. "It *is* glorious. Do *you* know, can you imagine, what it is to have people despising you as a fool—an incapable—and yet to feel here" (he struck his massive forehead as he spoke) "that you are wronged, that you had not fair play? To feel knowledge, invention, power, coming, growing, *burning* in your brain; to see the ideas thus born forming themselves under your hands, and to KNOW that they were right and sound; to make those who came to scoff stay to praise? For this," he added, in a lower voice, "I humbly thank Almighty God, and good Sam Thacker."

Now, when Bessy Jervoice had had her say, as above recorded, and, piqued by surprise and excitement, and perhaps by something else, had said more than a well-regulated young lady ought to say, she naturally sat down and cried; but wonder-struck by the response she had evoked—a response which grew more astonishing, more fervid as it proceeded—she slowly raised her eyes; and there before her stood a James Wymper she had never seen before. Not a *poor* James Wymper in any sense of the term. The curate was right; and the magnificent head, its features lit up with pride and—well, it must out—*love*, was a sight to see.

"Forgive me," he said, taking her trembling hand, "for having played a part. It was Sam Thacker's doing. Said Sam, 'You go back a rich man among those cusses' (Sam is a regular Yankee, you know), 'and they'll just crawl over you, and suck your vitals; you sham poor and stupid, and you'll soon see who's who.' Ah, Bessy, how kind you were to me at first! Am I wrong in thinking, in hoping, that what was not so kind lately was meant for my good?"

"Oh, but how unfair—how—"

"Scold me presently, but hear my story. I ran away from Manchester, because I felt dimly that I could improve and invent things if I had a chance; but I was awkward with my hands. I could not draw, I could not plan. I was not ready with my tongue; I could not explain; I got impatient when people did not understand me, and all went badly until I fell in with Sam. Sam is the handiest fellow in the world; and as for talking, he could coax a 'possum out of his hole; but at first he hadn't one idea of his own. Well, we worked together, and as we went on I got handy and Sam inventive; and to make a long story short, we sold two patents for fifty thousand dollars each, and we have four more which bring in about two thousand a year in English money as royalties. I'm going to pay my share in this picnic out of that money; and it is quite true that Sam sent me the cash, because all my remittances come through him."

"I—I think," stammered astonished Bessy, "that we must not stop here any longer."

"Just a few minutes."

"They will think it so odd."

"As you please. Will you have these flowers?" And he took a bouquet from a vase on the table.

"Put them back directly. How can you! Taking what does not belong to you! Oh, James!"

"I bought the estate last week," replied poor James Wymper, quietly, "and I suppose the flowers go with it."

"Mr. Wymper, are you mad, or am I dreaming?" gasped Bessy.

"I bought the place as soon as I heard you were coming here. That's why I went to London—and to get some clothes."

"Please, take me back to mamma;" and Bessy began to cry again.

"When you have answered me one question. I hardly dare ask it; but yet—"

But yet! The stupid fellow! it was evident that he had not yet patented a machine for divining a girl's thoughts. He hem'd and stammered and beat about the bush, as he did in his pre-Sam-Thacker days, and at last got it out. What was it?

Bessy left that room, as Sam would say, "inside an elbow," with an accepted lover's kiss tingling her lips and glorifying her heart.

Never mind what had become of the picnickers; never mind the astonishment of Mr. Augustus Bailey and the rest when, invited by the master of the house to have their dance in his dining-room (on account of the wet), they learned who that master was; never mind the explanation with Cousin Margaret. The only thing which I regret not having space to do justice to is the conduct of Sam at the wedding, and the burning wrath and indignation of the honest fellow when he heard that his partner had been once known as POOR JAMES WYMPER.

"*Poor!*" he almost howled; "why, there ain't a *ma*chine running on this old hemisphere, or in the United States, that he can't *im*prove and beat. *Poor!* and he with the heart of a child and the brain of a Newton! *Poor*, indeed! Let me catch any one calling him *poor*, and I'll get mad; and when I get mad there's shootin' round. Yes, *Sir!*"

## PREPARING FOR THE END.

NOTEWORTHY men have often amused themselves by writing their own epitaphs, generally attempting, as Johnson says, to be jocular upon one of the few things that make wise men serious. Pope, pretending an indifference to praise and blame he was far from feeling, wrote:

> "Under this marble, or under this sill,
> Or under this turf, or e'en what they will—
> Whatever an heir, or a friend in his stead,
> Or any good creature shall lay o'er my head—
> Lies one who ne'er cared, and still cares not a pin,
> What they said, or may say, of the mortal within;
> But who, living and dying, serene, still, and free,
> Trusts in God that as well as he is he shall be."

But the poet, we may be sure, had not the slightest idea of the lines he perpetrated appearing on his tombstone. Shakspeare is supposed to have dictated the entreating, blessing, threatening quatrain that has kept sacrilegious hands from disturbing his dust; and Chatterton, Churchill, Coleridge, and Gay provided inscriptions for their own grave-stones. Possibly they were actuated by a not unreasonable distrust of friendly epitaph writers; the poets of to-day need have no such fear; we affect simplicity if we love it not, the affectation serving as a cover to our barrenness of invention. Beazley, the architect and dramatist, who wrote his own epitaph years before it was wanted, made a couple of lines suffice:

> "Here lies Samuel Beazley,
> Who lived hard and died easily."

Brief as this is, of the three assertions made in it but two were true ones. Beazley suffered greatly in his last illness, so greatly that in writing to a friend he adopted a melancholy strain quite unusual to him, which made his correspondent write back complaining that his letter resembled the last chapter of Jeremiah. "You are mistaken," answered the dying wit; "it is the last chapter of Samuel!"

Job Orton, son of the inventor of Stilton cheese, an innkeeper at Kidderminster, put up a tombstone in the church-yard there, inscribed:

> "Job Orton, a man from Leicestershire,
> When he dies he will be buried here."

He was a queer character altogether. While his wife yet lived to plague him, he wrote her epitaph:

> "Esther Orton, a bitter sour weed,
> God never loved her nor increased her seed;"

and in order that he might have the start of her at the last day, desired to be buried upright in a coffin that had served him many years as a winebin. Job was, however, by no means singular in thus providing for a grave necessity. Having a presentiment that his death was not far off, Mr. Brookman, of Reading, called upon an undertaker, persuaded him to take a walk to the church-yard, and pointed out the exact spot where he wished to be laid. Having made his mind easy on that score, he went home, had out an old oak chest he had long reserved for a coffin, saw it thoroughly cleaned, then retired to bed, and in four days was a dead man. Ned Dawson, of Nottingham, who was found drowned in 1828, used his coffin as a cupboard for twenty years. Being a stanch Tory, he had painted it true blue, and when his birthday came round was wont to extend himself within it, to make sure he had not outgrown its dimensions: this ceremony performed, the coffin was filled with substantial viands, hoisted upon the shoulders of some of his cronies, and carried through the house, Ned following as chief mourner, bearing in his arms an enormous pitcher of jolly good ale.

Thinking, perhaps, with the Irishman, that a stone coffin would last a man his lifetime, a Cornish clergyman provided himself with one, which he placed in an open grave in his church-yard till he should be ready to occupy it. Dr. Donne is generally credited with having kept a coffin containing his own effigy by his bedside; but he really prepared for the end in another fashion. Donne's friend, Dr. Fox, wanted him to prepare his monument so as to insure one to his taste. Donne contented himself with providing a pattern. First he had an urn carved, then he engaged a painter to take his portrait. Urn and painter being both ready, the doctor stripped, put on a winding-sheet, tied in orthodox fashion, placed himself with his feet on the urn, and arranged the sheet so as to disclose his pale, lean face. Thus was his portrait painted; and when he died, a statue was sculptured from it to serve as a monument—a statue that some thirty years ago was still in existence, lying about with other remains of old St. Paul's. John Wheatley, of Nottingham, when the General Cemetery of that town was opened in 1838, bought a square plot of ground sufficient for three ordinary graves; this he inclosed, and used it as a retreat where he could read and meditate above his intended grave, which lay gaping before him, partly filled up by his coffin. The tenantless grave and its odd proprietor attracted so many sight-seers to the cemetery that the thing became a nuisance; the authorities put down the exhibition; and after all his preparation Wheatley was buried elsewhere.

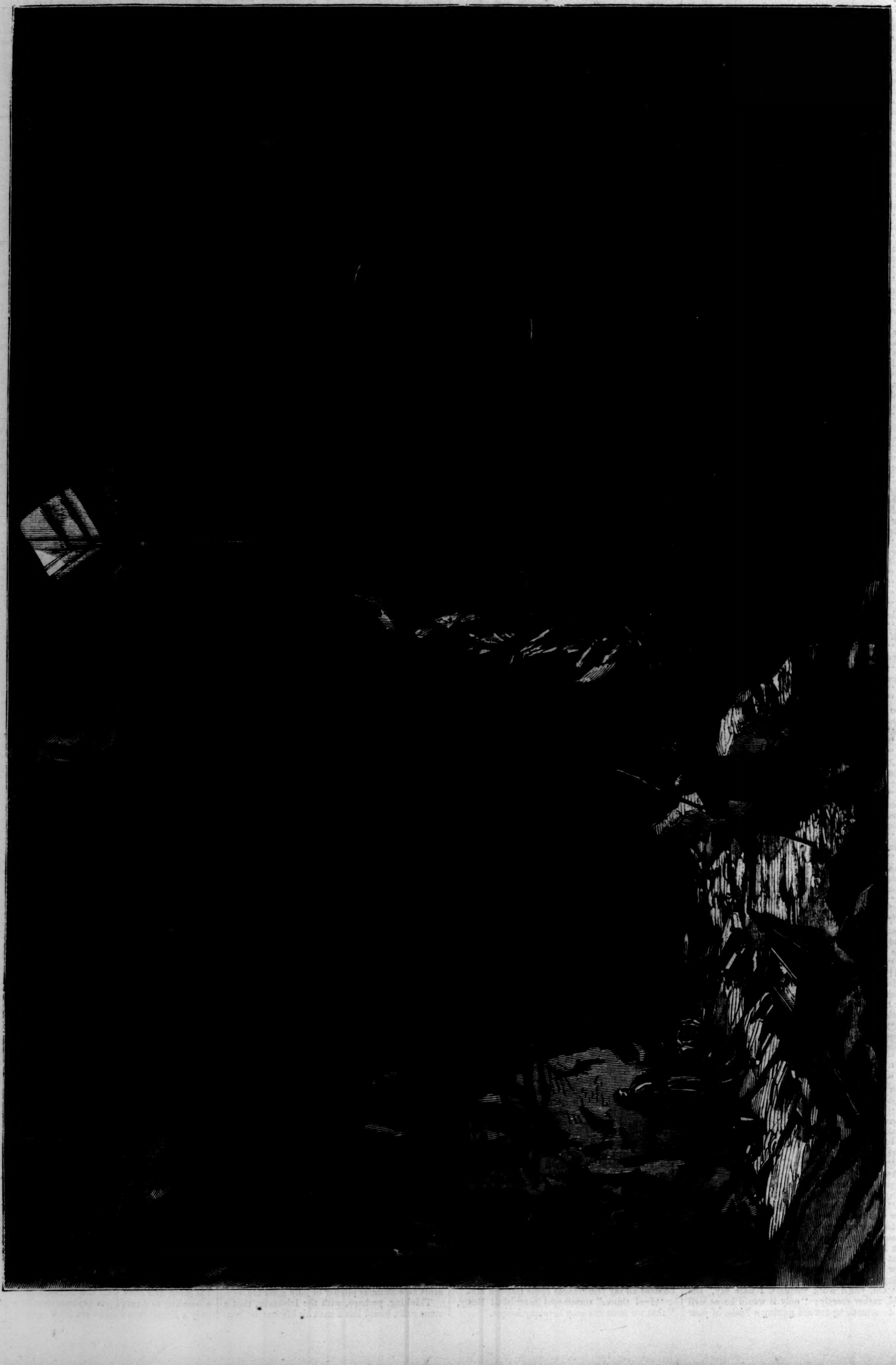
Horne Tooke selected his kitchen-garden at Wimbledon as his place of sepulture, and nearly brought about the end he prepared for in superintending the erection of a brick vault bearing a black marble slab inscribed: "John Horne Tooke, late proprietor and now occupier of this spot, was born in June, 1736, and died ——, in the —— year of his age, contented and grateful." The blanks were never filled up, for when he shuffled off this mortal coil, his executors, consulting their own notions of propriety, had Tooke buried like ordinary folks. A worm doctor named Gardner built himself a tomb in the church-yard of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, on which passers-by could read, "Dr. J. Gardner's last and best bedroom." Those who saw it naturally concluded that the doctor was taking his last long sleep there, and he soon found patients grow scarce in Norton-Folgate. This was paying too dearly for his joke, so he set matters right by amending the inscription by the addition of the word "intended." Pat Power, of Kilkenny, we suppose had no customers to lose, when, confident in his prophetic instinct, he chose his grave in the chapel-yard, and set up a head-stone twelve months before date, upon which appeared: "Erected in Memory of Patrick Power, of Maudlin Street, Kilkenny, who died in 1869, aged 73 years. May his soul rest in peace! Amen!" Pat paid regular visits to say his prayers over his own grave; but whether his presentiment was fulfilled, or whether he lives to laugh at it, is more than we know. The poor Irishman's simplicity excused his folly.

Farrazine, the shrewd button-maker of Ghent, who, in 1697, took the quartering and provisioning of Marlborough's army off the hands of the troubled authorities of the city, to their immense relief and the making of his own fortune, had a soul above buttons, his ambition taking the unusual shape of a desire for posthumous rather than present honor. He erected a magnificent monumental tomb for himself in the church of the Capuchin friars, and when it was finished Farrazine resolved to rehearse his obsequies, so that there might be no mistakes or short-comings when they were celebrated in sad earnest. For a handsome consideration the holy brotherhood consented to act their share in the mock ceremonial. The button-maker provided a sumptuously adorned coffin, for which the friars found bearers in their novices, while they themselves marched in solemn procession before it. It was a proud day for Farrazine when he took part in his own funeral rites, amidst a profusion

> "Of velvet, gilding, brass, and no great dearth
> Of aught save tears."

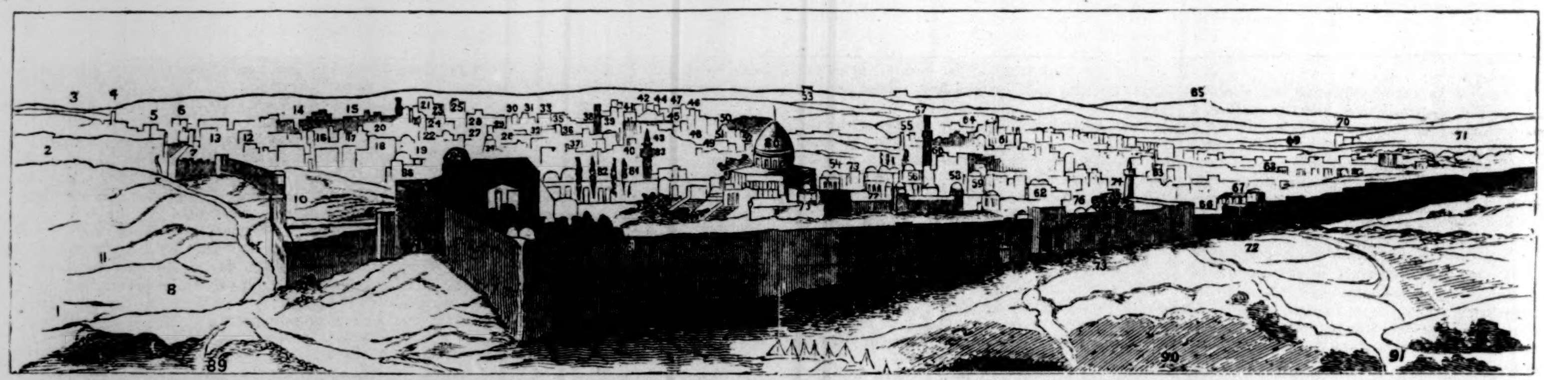
Tears were necessarily lacking. The hero of the hour, although officiating as chief mourner, was too elated to shed them as he walked triumphantly to the tomb, and saw his coffin deposited in the place it was intended to occupy, when a more serious performance came off. Alas for the hopes of vanity! Farrazine had not measured the capacity of his Capuchin friends aright, and although he did not forget them in his will, the legacy he bequeathed fell so much below their expectations that, in angry disgust, the brethren demolished the monument, and bundled coffin and all out of their church, refusing even to perform a single mass for the poor fellow's soul, whose body, after all his pains, found a grave in the yard of an obscure chapel. Romanos, a Greek devotee of the seventh century, adopted a surer method of securing his burial in the place of his choice. He was a native of Constantinople, but lived his religious life at Barakar in Abyssinia, where he founded a chapel in a narrow, romantic ravine, screened by noble sycamores, but made his home in a cave close by, which he had all but closed up with brick-work, leaving only a small opening, through which food was passed to him until he ceased to require it, and there his bones still lie.

The oddest story connected with our subject comes to us from France. M. Gannel, the Parisian embalmer, once celebrated his birthday by inviting Jules Janin and half a dozen other friends to dinner, and put the finishing touch to his hospitality by handing each guest, while the wine was circulating, a slip of paper, on which were written the recipient's name and the words "Good for embalment." Within less than ten years all save one of these slips came back to the giver, and were duly honored—an appropriate ending to a very grim unpleasantry, of which only a Frenchman could have been capable.



UNDER-GROUND JERUSALEM—ANCIENT ROCK-CUT CISTERN UNDER THE TEMPLE PLATFORM.—[See Page 422.]

JERUSALEM IN HER FALL.—FROM THE PICTURE BY H. C. SELOUS.—[SEE KEY-PLATE AND ARTICLE, PAGE 422.]



KEY-PLATE TO MR. H. C. SELOUS'S PICTURE OF JERUSALEM IN HER FALL.—[SEE PAGE 421.]

1. Pool of Siloam.
2. St. Peter's Cave.
3. Valley of Rephaim.
4. Tomb of David.
5. House of Caiaphas.
6. Zion Gate.
7. Dwellings of the Lepers.
8. Ophel.
9. Fount of the Virgin.
10. Gate of Moghrabins.
11. Tyropean Valley.
12. Shambles in Jews' Quarter.
13. Greek Nunnery of St. George.
14. Armenian Convent.
15. Barracks.
16. Synagogue of Athkanazim, and Sephardim.
17. Mosque and Minaret.
18. Synagogue of Portuguese Jews.
19. Syrian Convent.
20. Oil Mill with ancient Columns.
21. Anglican Church.
22. English Hospital and Dispensary.
23. Residence of English Consul.
24. Syrian Church of St. James (in ruins).
25. Tower of David, or Citadel.
26. Jaffa Gate.
27. Street of David.
28. Residence of the English Bishop.
29. Greek Church and Convent of the Forerunner.
30. Residence of the French Consul.
31. Residence of Greek Schismatic.
32. St. Peter's Prison.
33. Site of Bathsheba's Garden.
34. Principal Khan.
35. Greek Schools.
36. Part of the great Convent of Constantine.
37. Coptic Convent.
38. Greek Church for Native Christians.
39. Greek Convent of St. Theodore.
40. Ruined Palace of the Knights of St. John.
41. Ancient Tower.
42. Goliah's Castle.
43. Church of the Holy Sepulchre.
44. Wely, or Sheik's Tomb.
45. Greek Nunnery or Almshouse of St. Basil.
46. Latin Convent.
47. Mosque el Khanky.
48. Via Dolorosa.
49. Hospital of St. Helena.
50. Sardinian Consul's Residence.
51. House of Prussian Consul.
52. Traditionary House of Dives.
53. Supposed Site of the Tower of Psephinus.
54. College for Indian Pilgrims.
55. Damascus Gate.
56. Residence of the Pasha.
57. Mosque with highest Minaret.
58. The Seraiyah.
59. Chapel of the Crown of Thorns.
60. Arch of the "Ecce Homo."
61. Traditionary Site of Herod's Palace.
62. Convents, Schools, Cells, etc.
63. Ruined Church.
64. Grotto of Jeremiah.
65. Neby Samuel.
66. Pool of Bethesda.
67. Church of St. Anne.
68. Gate of Herod.
69. Olive Plantations.
70. Tombs of the Kings.
71. Scopus.
72. Gate of St. Stephen.
73. Turkish Burial-Ground.
74. Minaret Ben Israel.
75. Golden Gate.
76. College of Blind Dervishes.
77. Throne of Solomon.
78. College of Dervishes.
79. Judgment-Seat of David.
80. Mosque of Omar, or the Sakhara.
81. Public Schools.
82. Jews' Wailing-Place.
83. Minaret of the Seraglio.
84. Cradle of Jesus.
85. Mosque of El Aksa.
86. Mosque of the Moghrabins.
87. Remains of ancient Gateway.
88. Supposed Remains of the Wall of the Temple of Herod.
89. Valley of Jehoshaphat.
90. Valley and Brook Kedron.
91. Garden of Gethsemane.

## JERUSALEM.

FOR several weeks past two remarkable paintings have been on exhibition in this city, one an ideal picture, representing "Jerusalem in her Grandeur," the other a faithful view of "Jerusalem in her Fall;" both from the easel of Mr. SELOUS. Of the latter we give an engraving on page 421. In the first the spectator is supposed to be standing on the western slope of the Mount of Olives, looking down upon the Holy City as it appeared on the morning of Christ's triumphal entry. In the second the spectator occupies nearly the same position. The sun is going down, not over a scene of grandeur and magnificence, but over the grave of Israel's glory. We can imagine that soon the muezzin's call will be heard from mosque and minaret, and echo through the desolate and almost forsaken streets.

Not a few of the ancient structures survive, in partial decay, to tell of the glory that once made Jerusalem, in the enthusiastic language of the Israelitish poet, "the joy of the whole earth." The eye still searches out picturesque towers and domes, the places of Mohammedan worship. The general features of the landscape remain but little changed; the hills, dark here and there with olive and cypress, now purpling in the evening light, softly engirdle the city as in her days of splendor; Kedron, though with sadness in her voice, still murmurs on her way. The foreground groups in this picture are singularly fine in arrangement; and the feeling of the work is made out by the miscellaneous assemblage of comers from distant lands that occupy the heights and slopes of the Mount of Olives.

The Mosque of Omar is, of course, the most prominent of the architectural forms, followed, probably, by the Mosque of El Aksa, the Arch of the Ecce Homo, the Minaret of the Seraglio, the ruined Convent of the Knights of St. John, the residence of the Pasha, Jews' Place of Wailing, Mosque of Moghrabins—these on a line with the Mosque of Omar. Behind these we have the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, on the northwest side of the city, and many others of the places whose names are most familiar to us—this being the supposed site of the Crucifixion, as of the events which immediately preceded and followed it.

On the immediate left of the picture we have a view of Siloam, of the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and of the Fount of the Virgin. In front, between the spectator and a pathway that goes to skirt the southeastern corner of the city wall, is the Jews' Burial-Ground; close by, the Tomb of Absalom; and to the right, the Valley and Brook Kedron, and the Garden of Gethsemane.

The picture which faces the engraving from Mr. SELOUS's painting represents an ancient rock-hewn cistern, under the Temple platform, brought to light by the labors of the Palestine Exploration Society. The Holy City of biblical history must now be conceived as buried far beneath the present surface, under the accumulated ruins of many centuries. The imagination is affected with a strange awe at finding that endless substructures, Titanic foundations, enormous cisterns, interminable tunnels, secret conduits, vast and profound caverns, and tomb-like hollows lie quite hidden at various depths beneath the modern city, and that even as far down as 125 feet has been found the work of man! One drawing, made by the artist connected with the Palestine Exploration expedition, shows a portion of the Haram wall, rising 79 feet above ground; another gives the same wall at its foundation, no less than 75 feet below the present surface. The remark of JOSEPHUS that it made one dizzy to look down from the top of the walls of the Temple might appear an exaggeration as applied to the wall now exposed, but not to an elevation of 150 feet.

Nothing is more surprising than the height and extent of the ancient subterranean excavations and the prodigious size of the stones of the old foundations. All the later constructions seem the works of a race of pigmies in comparison. The cistern which we have engraved is called in Arabic "Bahr-el-Kheber," or "The Great Sea," and is by far the largest of all the many subterranean chambers under the Haram, the modern name by which the site of the Temple is now known. Few of the visitors to the holy places are taken down to this great reservoir. The cistern is about 150 feet long from north to south, and very nearly the same breadth from east to west. The great piers of rock look like enormous pillars, and the arched spaces above, formed in the rough-cut rock, produce the impression that it is some ancient cathedral of the gnomes, or under-ground spirits, who work beneath, and never appear in the light of day. Even the watery floor does not detract from this idea; in fact, one gets the feeling rather strengthened, for one easily receives the notion that a pavement of pure liquid, "a sea of glass, like unto crystal," is suitable for such a mystic temple. The dark, religious gloom is only broken here and there by touches of light coming in through the apertures above for drawing the water. The cistern will hold, it has been calculated, about 2,000,000 gallons of water. It is supplied from the Pools of Solomon, in the Valley of Urtas, about two miles south from Bethlehem. The water is carried on the level through Bethlehem to Jerusalem. This conduit is about eight miles long; in some places it is carried in tunnels cut in the rock. These pools, having SOLOMON's name attached to them, and forming part of the works of the water supply, afford pretty strong evidence that this "great sea" is as old as the foundation of the Temple; and that the necessity for an ample supply of water for the Temple rites was the motive for excavating such a gigantic reservoir. The water is beautifully clear; the stones which have fallen through the holes above are seen clearly and distinctly.

In connection with these pictures a brief history of the Holy City may be of interest to our readers. Of all the cities of the globe Jerusalem has been the most memorable for its Divine honors, its prophetic distinctions, and its misfortunes. Its original name was Salem; its first king said to be MELCHIZEDEC; and the proposed offering of ISAAC was said to have been on Mount Moriah, one of its three hills, afterward the site of the Temple. Jerusalem was conquered in the time of JOSHUA. Its history was thenceforth a succession of sieges. It was recovered by the Canaanites, and retaken and burned by JOSHUA; then captured by the Jebusites, and finally captured by DAVID, in his restoration of the fallen glories of Israel. Its lofty position and evident strength determined the conqueror to make it his capital; and leaving Hebron, and rejecting the opulent fertility and natural loveliness of Samaria, he fixed his throne in the citadel of the Jebusites, and named it the "City of David."

Jerusalem stands nearly central between the Mediterranean and the Jordan—thirty-seven miles east of the former and twenty-three west of the latter. DAVID brought the ark within its gates with great pomp, and fixed the site of the Temple on Mount Moriah; but the erection of the Temple was appointed to his still greater son. The reign of SOLOMON was the summit of Jewish grandeur, and the building of the Temple was the summit of the grandeur of SOLOMON. It was the most magnificent edifice ever raised by man; not merely for its position on the pinnacle of the sacred mountain, or for its noble architecture, but for its splendor. Wherever gold, cedar, or marble could be shown, it was all gold, cedar, or marble.

When SOLOMON, in advanced years, fell into idolatry, evil was declared against Israel. The kingdom of DAVID was shorn of its strength by the loss of the ten tribes, and the civil war terminated only in their captivity. Judah still retained its royalty for 130 years longer, until the Assyrian invasion, when the city was stormed and the Temple burned by NEBUCHADNEZZAR, and lost its independence as a kingdom forever. Restored, after a captivity of seventy years in Babylon, it returned only to an enfeebled vassalage and a ruined Temple—even saw its commonwealth recover only to fall again; and after suffering the repeated supremacies of Syrian, Egyptian, and Roman, finally perished as a nation by the Roman sword.

Yet the city was not wholly deserted. But an attempt of the emperor, in the year 131 of the Christian era, to make it a Roman fortress raised an insurrection which was extinguished in national blood, and concluded the national ruin.

For nearly two centuries more Jerusalem was forgotten by the world. At length, on the accession of CONSTANTINE to the imperial throne, the Empress HELENA is presumed to have made a pilgrimage to the wreck of the city to discover the sites made memorable by the history of our Lord (A.D. 326). CONSTANTINE repealed the edict excluding the Jews from entering Jerusalem, but he allowed their entrance only once in the year, to weep over the destruction of the city. The ages of monachism followed; pilgrimages were frequent; and in the reign of JUSTINIAN—a man of whom history has scarcely yet decided whether he was a philosopher or a dupe, a warrior or a dastard, a restorer or destroyer of empire—the site of Jerusalem was adorned once more, according to the custom of the time, by building a superb church on Mount Moriah to the Virgin (A.D. 527). He also built a succession of convents in the neighborhood of Jerusalem and Jericho, and hospitals for the pilgrims in both these cities.

But evil days were at hand. A Persian invasion of the Greek empire rushed on Syria (A.D. 614), broke the emperor's army, and stormed Jerusalem with desperate slaughter. All now was rapine; but the Persians at length retreated, and Emperor HERACLIUS entered the city, bearing the Cross on his shoulder. A still more formidable trial awaited this "City of Misfortune." MOHAMMED ravaged Arabia, Egypt, and Syria. The torrent of fire and steel rolled on Palestine. Jerusalem was besieged (A.D. 637), and, after a desperate defense, was taken. OMAR, the conqueror, then built the mosque which still stands on the spot once hallowed by the TEMPLE.

Jerusalem now rested, powerless and enslaved, for two centuries and a half; but the tenth century raised a new spirit in Europe formidable to Mohammedan supremacy. A romantic belief that the world was coming to its end in the year 1000 urged a multitude of pilgrims to the Holy Land. Its masters laid a tribute on the pilgrims. The insults and injuries inflicted by the Arabs on those European strangers became the universal rumor, and roused the universal wrath of Europe. In the tenth and eleventh centuries Jerusalem had passed from the Saracens to the Egyptian Khalifs, from these to the Turcomans, and from them to the Egyptians again. In this period of doubt and distraction the army of the Crusaders, under GODFREY of Bouillon, appeared before Jerusalem (A.D. 1099); the city was stormed; after a siege of forty days the Moslems were exterminated, the Mosque of Omar was consecrated as a Christian church, and the successful commander was proclaimed King of Jerusalem. The Christians preserved their conquest eighty-eight years.

In the twelfth century the Sultan SALADIN, an Arab hero, captured the city, threw down the Cross, and purified the holy places with *rose-water.*

This prince—a man of great bravery, sagacity, and success, restored the fortifications of Jerusalem on the approach of the Crusaders under RICHARD CŒUR DE LION (A.D. 1192). After the death of SALADIN it fell successively into the hands of every invader of Syria—Mameluke, Christian, and Turk. In the sixteenth century its walls were rebuilt by the Turkish Sultan SOLIMAN the Magnificent (A.D. 1542), whose inscription remains over the Jaffa gate. Even in the present century this "City of Vicissitudes" has changed masters, falling into the possession of MEHEMET ALI, the Pasha of Egypt, in his Syrian invasion (A.D. 1832). From him, however, it was wrested, with all his Syrian conquests (A.D. 1841), and restored to the Ottoman government, under which it now rests.

The Jewish nation, exiled from their Temple, city, and country, have been dispersed all over the world, harassed by plunder and persecution during the vast period, the seventeen centuries, which have passed since the national ruin. But a change has already begun. The Jew in all nations is sharing the protection of the law and the possession of property. It is to the honor of America that this change was begun by her, and that as she has long taken the lead in liberty, morals, and religion, she set the example of acknowledging the claims of the Jews to the fellow-feeling of mankind.

# MIDDLEMARCH:

## A STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

BY GEORGE ELIOT,

AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE," "ROMOLA," ETC.

### Book III.

### WAITING FOR DEATH.

### CHAPTER XXX.

"Qui veut délasser hors de propos, lasse."—PASCAL.

MR. CASAUBON had no second attack of equal severity with the first, and in a few days began to recover his usual condition. But Lydgate seemed to think the case worth a great deal of attention. He not only used his stethoscope (which had not become a matter of course in practice at that time), but sat quietly by his patient and watched him. To Mr. Casaubon's questions about himself he replied that the source of the illness was the common error of intellectual men—a too eager and monotonous application: the remedy was, to be satisfied with moderate work, and to seek variety of relaxation. Mr. Brooke, who sat by on one occasion, suggested that Mr. Casaubon should go fishing, as Cadwallader did, and have a turning-room, make toys, table-legs, and that kind of thing.

"In short, you recommend me to anticipate the arrival of my second childhood," said poor Mr. Casaubon, with some bitterness. "These things," he added, looking at Lydgate, "would be to me such relaxation as tow-picking is to prisoners in a house of correction."

"I confess," said Lydgate, smiling, "amusement is rather an unsatisfactory prescription. It is something like telling people to keep up their spirits. Perhaps I had better say that you must submit to be mildly bored rather than to go on working."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Brooke. "Get Dorothea to play backgammon with you in the evenings. And shuttlecock, now—I don't know a finer game than shuttlecock for the daytime. I remember it all the fashion. To be sure, your eyes might not stand that, Casaubon. But you must unbend, you know. Why, you might take to some light study: conchology, now: I always think that must be a light study. Or get Dorothea to read you light things: Smollett—'Roderick Random,' 'Humphrey Clinker:' they are a little broad, but she may read any thing now she's married, you know. I remember they made me laugh uncommonly—there's a droll bit about a postilion's breeches. We have no such humor now. I have gone through all these things, but they might be rather new to you."

"As new as eating thistles," would have been an answer to represent Mr. Casaubon's feelings. But he only bowed resignedly, with due respect to his wife's uncle, and observed that doubtless the works he mentioned had "served as a resource to a certain order of minds."

"You see," said the able magistrate to Lydgate, when they were outside the door, "Casaubon has been a little narrow: it leaves him rather at a loss when you forbid him his particular work, which I believe is something very deep indeed—in the line of research, you know. I would never give way to that; I was always versatile. But a clergyman is tied a little tight. If they would make him a bishop, now!—he did a very good pamphlet for Peel. He would have more movement then, more show; he might get a little flesh. But I recommend you to talk to Mrs. Casaubon. She is clever enough for any thing,

is my niece. Tell her her husband wants liveliness, diversion: put her on amusing tactics.”

Without Mr. Brooke's advice, Lydgate had determined on speaking to Dorothea. She had not been present while her uncle was throwing out his pleasant suggestions as to the mode in which life at Lowick might be enlivened, but she was usually by her husband's side, and the unaffected signs of intense anxiety in her face and voice about whatever touched his mind or health made a drama which Lydgate was inclined to watch. He said to himself that he was only doing right in telling her the truth about her husband's probable future, but he certainly thought also that it would be interesting to talk confidentially with her. A medical man likes to make psychological observations, and sometimes in the pursuit of such studies is too easily tempted into momentous prophecy which life and death easily set at naught. Lydgate had often been satirical on this gratuitous prediction, and he meant now to be guarded.

He asked for Mrs. Casaubon, but being told that she was out walking, he was going away, when Dorothea and Celia appeared, both glowing from their struggle with the March wind. When Lydgate begged to speak with her alone, Dorothea opened the library door, which happened to be the nearest, thinking of nothing at the moment but what he might have to say about Mr. Casaubon. It was the first time she had entered this room since her husband had been taken ill, and the servant had chosen not to open the shutters. But there was light enough to read by from the narrow upper panes of the windows.

“You will not mind this sombre light,” said Dorothea, standing in the middle of the room. “Since you forbade books, the library has been out of the question. But Mr. Casaubon will soon be here again, I hope. Is he not making progress?”

“Yes, much more rapid progress than I at first expected. Indeed, he is already nearly in his usual state of health.”

“You do not fear that the illness will return?” said Dorothea, whose quick ear had detected some significance in Lydgate's tone.

“Such cases are peculiarly difficult to pronounce upon,” said Lydgate. “The only point on which I can be confident is that it will be desirable to be very watchful on Mr. Casaubon's account, lest he should in any way strain his nervous power.”

“I beseech you to speak quite plainly,” said Dorothea, in an imploring tone. “I can not bear to think that there might be something which I did not know, and which, if I had known it, would have made me act differently.” The words came out like a cry: it was evident that they were the voice of some mental experience which lay not very far off.

“Sit down,” she added, placing herself on the nearest chair, and throwing off her bonnet and gloves with an instinctive discarding of formality where a great question of destiny was concerned.

“What you say now justifies my own view,” said Lydgate. “I think it is one's function as a medical man to hinder regrets of that sort as far as possible. But I beg you to observe that Mr. Casaubon's case is precisely of the kind in which the issue is most difficult to pronounce upon. He may possibly live for fifteen years or more without much worse health than he has had hitherto.”

Dorothea had turned very pale, and when Lydgate paused she said, in a low voice, “You mean, if we are very careful.”

“Yes—careful against mental agitation of all kinds, and against excessive application.”

“He would be miserable if he had to give up his work,” said Dorothea, with a quick prevision of that wretchedness.

“I am aware of that. The only course is to try by all means, direct and indirect, to moderate and vary his occupations. With a happy concurrence of circumstances, there is, as I said, no immediate danger from that affection of the heart which I believe to have been the cause of his late attack. On the other hand, it is possible that the disease may develop itself more rapidly: it is one of those cases in which death is sometimes sudden. Nothing should be neglected which might be affected by such an issue.”

There was silence for a few moments, while Dorothea sat as if she had been turned to marble, though the life within her was so intense that her mind had never before swept in brief time over an equal range of scenes and motives.

“Help me, pray,” she said at last, in the same low voice as before. “Tell me what I can do.”

“What do you think of foreign travel? You have been lately in Rome, I think.”

The memories which made this resource utterly hopeless were a new current that shook Dorothea out of her pallid immobility.

“Oh, that would not do—that would be worse than any thing,” she said, with a more childlike despondency, while the tears rolled down. “Nothing will be of any use that he does not enjoy.”

“I wish that I could have spared you this pain,” said Lydgate, deeply touched, yet wondering about her marriage. Women just like Dorothea had not entered into his traditions.

“It was right of you to tell me. I thank you for telling me the truth.”

“I wish you to understand that I shall not say any thing to enlighten Mr. Casaubon himself. I think it desirable for him to know nothing more than that he must not overwork himself, and must observe certain rules. Anxiety of any kind would be precisely the most unfavorable condition for him.”

Lydgate rose, and Dorothea mechanically rose at the same time, unclasping her cloak and throwing it off as if it stifled her. He was bowing and quitting her, when an impulse, which if she had been alone would have turned into a prayer, made her say, with a sob in her voice:

“Oh, you are a wise man, are you not? You know all about life and death. Advise me. Think what I can do. He has been laboring all his life and looking forward. He minds about nothing else. And I mind about nothing else—”

For years after Lydgate remembered the impression produced in him by this involuntary appeal—this cry from soul to soul, without other consciousness than their moving with kindred natures in the same embroiled medium, the same troublous, fitfully illuminated life. But what could he say now except that he should see Mr. Casaubon again to-morrow?

When he was gone Dorothea's tears gushed forth, and relieved her stifling oppression. Then she dried her eyes, reminded that her distress must not be betrayed to her husband; and looked round the room, thinking that she must order the servant to attend to it as usual, since Mr. Casaubon might now at any moment wish to enter. On his writing-table there were letters which had lain untouched since the morning when he was taken ill, and among them, as Dorothea well remembered, there were young Ladislaw's letters, the one addressed to her still unopened. The associations of these letters had been made the more painful by that sudden attack of illness which she felt that the agitation caused by her anger might have helped to bring on: it would be time enough to read them when they were again thrust upon her, and she had had no inclination to fetch them from the library. But now it occurred to her that they should be put out of her husband's sight: whatever might have been the source of his annoyance about them, he must, if possible, not be annoyed again; and she ran her eyes first over the letter addressed to him to assure herself whether or not it would be necessary to write in order to hinder the offensive visit.

Will wrote from Rome, and began by saying that his obligations to Mr. Casaubon were too deep for all thanks not to seem impertinent. It was plain that if he were not grateful, he must be the poorest-spirited rascal who had ever found a generous friend. To expand in wordy thanks would be like saying, “I am honest.” But Will had come to perceive that his defects—defects which Mr. Casaubon had himself often pointed to—needed for their correction that more strenuous position which his relative's generosity had hitherto prevented from being inevitable. He trusted that he should make the best return, if return were possible, by showing the effectiveness of the education for which he was indebted, and by ceasing in future to need any diversion toward himself of funds on which others might have a better claim. He was coming to England to try his fortune, as many other young men were obliged to do whose only capital was in their brains. His friend Naumann had desired him to take charge of the “Dispute”—the picture painted for Mr. Casaubon, with whose permission, and Mrs. Casaubon's, Will would convey it to Lowick in person. A letter addressed to the Poste Restante in Paris within the fortnight would hinder him, if necessary, from arriving at an inconvenient moment. He inclosed a letter to Mrs. Casaubon in which he continued a discussion about art, begun with her in Rome.

Opening her own letter, Dorothea saw that it was a lively continuation of his remonstrance with her fanatical sympathy and her want of sturdy neutral delight in things as they were—an outpouring of his young vivacity which it was impossible to read just now. She had immediately to consider what was to be done about the other letter: there was still time, perhaps, to prevent Will from coming to Lowick. Dorothea ended by giving the letter to her uncle, who was still in the house, and begging him to let Will know that Mr. Casaubon had been ill, and that his health would not allow the reception of any visitors.

No one more ready than Mr. Brooke to write a letter: his only difficulty was to write a short one, and his ideas in this case expanded over the three large pages and the inward foldings. He had simply said to Dorothea:

“To be sure, I will write, my dear. He's a very clever young fellow—this young Ladislaw—I dare say will be a rising young man. It's a good letter—marks his sense of things, you know. However, I will tell him about Casaubon.”

But the end of Mr. Brooke's pen was a thinking organ, evolving sentences, especially of a benevolent kind, before the rest of his mind could well overtake them. It expressed regrets and proposed remedies, which, when Mr. Brooke read them, seemed felicitously worded—surprisingly the right thing, and determined a sequel which he had never before thought of. In this case his pen found it such a pity that young Ladislaw should not have come into the neighborhood just at that time, in order that Mr. Brooke might make his acquaintance more fully, and that they might go over the long-neglected Italian drawings together—it also felt such an interest in a young man who was starting in life with a stock of ideas—that by the end of the second page it had persuaded Mr. Brooke to invite young Ladislaw, since he could not be received at Lowick, to come to Tipton Grange. Why not? They could find a great many things to do together, and this was a period of peculiar growth—the political horizon was expanding, and— In short, Mr. Brooke's pen went off into a little speech which it had lately reported for that imperfectly edited organ, the Middlemarch *Pioneer*. While Mr. Brooke was sealing this letter he felt elated with an influx of dim projects: a young man capable of putting ideas into form, the *Pioneer* purchased to clear the pathway for a new candidate, documents utilized—who knew what might come of it all? Since Celia was going to marry immediately, it would be very pleasant to have a young fellow at table with him, at least for a time.

But he went away without telling Dorothea what he had put into the letter, for she was engaged with her husband, and—in fact, these things were of no importance to her.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

“How will you know the pitch of that great bell
Too large for you to stir? Let but a flute
Play 'neath the fine-mixed metal: listen close
Till the right note flows forth, a silvery rill:
Then shall the huge bell tremble—then the mass
With myriad waves concurrent shall respond
In low soft unison.”

LYDGATE that evening spoke to Miss Vincy of Mrs. Casaubon, and laid some emphasis on the strong feeling she appeared to have for that formal studious man thirty years older than herself.

“Of course she is devoted to her husband,” said Rosamond, implying a notion of necessary sequence which the scientific man regarded as the prettiest possible for a woman; but she was thinking at the same time that it was not so very melancholy to be mistress of Lowick Manor with a husband likely to die soon. “Do you think her very handsome?”

“She certainly is handsome, but I have not thought about it,” said Lydgate.

“I suppose it would be unprofessional,” said Rosamond, dimpling. “But how your practice is spreading! You were called in before to the Chettams, I think; and now, the Casaubons.”

“Yes,” said Lydgate, in a tone of compulsory admission. “But I don't really like attending such people so well as the poor. The cases are more monotonous, and one has to go through more fuss and listen more deferentially to nonsense.”

“Not more than in Middlemarch,” said Rosamond. “And at least you go through wide corridors, and have the scent of rose leaves every where.”

“That is true, Mademoiselle de Montmorenci,” said Lydgate, just bending his head to the table and lifting with his fourth finger her delicate handkerchief which lay at the mouth of her reticule, as if to enjoy its scent, while he looked at her with a smile.

But this agreeable holiday freedom with which Lydgate hovered about the flower of Middlemarch could not continue indefinitely. It was not more possible to find social isolation in that town than elsewhere, and two people persistently flirting could by no means escape from “the various entanglements, weights, blows, clashings, motions, by which things severally go on.” Whatever Miss Vincy did must be remarked, and she was, perhaps, the more conspicuous to admirers and critics because just now Mrs. Vincy, after some struggle, had gone with Fred to stay a little while at Stone Court, there being no other way at once gratifying old Featherstone and keeping watch against Mary Garth, who appeared a less tolerable daughter-in-law in proportion as Fred's illness disappeared.

Aunt Bulstrode, for example, came a little oftener into Lowick Gate to see Rosamond, now she was alone. For Mrs. Bulstrode had a true sisterly feeling for her brother; always thinking that he might have married better, but wishing well to the children. Now Mrs. Bulstrode had a long-standing intimacy with Mrs. Plymdale. They had nearly the same preferences in silks, patterns for under-clothing, china-ware, and clergymen; they confided their little troubles of health and household management to each other; and various little points of superiority on Mrs. Bulstrode's side—namely, more decided seriousness, more admiration for mind, and a house outside the town—sometimes served to give color to their conversation without dividing them: well-meaning women both, knowing very little of their own motives.

Mrs. Bulstrode, paying a morning visit to Mrs. Plymdale, happened to say that she could not stay longer, because she was going to see poor Rosamond.

“Why do you say ‘poor Rosamond?’” said Mrs. Plymdale, a round-eyed sharp little woman, like a tamed falcon.

“She is so pretty, and has been brought up in such thoughtlessness. The mother, you know, had always that levity about her which makes me anxious for the children.”

“Well, Harriet, if I am to speak my mind,” said Mrs. Plymdale, with emphasis, “I must say any body would suppose you and Mr. Bulstrode would be delighted with what has happened, for you have done every thing to put Mr. Lydgate forward.”

“Selina, what do you mean?” said Mrs. Bulstrode, in genuine surprise.

“Not but what I am truly thankful for Ned's sake,” said Mrs. Plymdale. “He could certainly better afford to keep such a wife than some people can; but I should wish him to look elsewhere. Still a mother has anxieties, and some young men would take to a bad life in consequence. Besides, if I was obliged to speak, I should say I was not fond of strangers coming into a town.”

“I don't know, Selina,” said Mrs. Bulstrode, with a little emphasis in her turn. “Mr. Bulstrode was a stranger here at one time. Abraham and Moses were strangers in the land, and we are told to entertain strangers. And especially,” she added, after a slight pause, “when they are unexceptionable.”

“I was not speaking in a religious sense, Harriet. I spoke as a mother.”

“Selina, I am sure you have never heard me say any thing against a niece of mine marrying your son.”

“Oh, it is pride in Miss Vincy—I am sure it is nothing else,” said Mrs. Plymdale, who had never before given all her confidence to “Harriet” on this subject. “No young man in Middlemarch was good enough for her: I have heard her mother say as much. That is not a Christian spirit, I think. But now, from all I hear, she has found a man as proud as herself.”

“You don't mean that there is any thing between Rosamond and Mr. Lydgate?” said Mrs. Bulstrode, rather mortified at finding out her own ignorance.

“Is it possible you don't know, Harriet?”

“Oh, I go about so little; and I am not fond of gossip; I really never hear any. You see so many people that I don't see. Your circle is rather different from ours.”

“Well, but your own niece and Mr. Bulstrode's great favorite—and yours too, I am sure, Harriet! I thought, at one time, you meant him for Kate, when she is a little older.”

“I don't believe there can be any thing serious at present,” said Mrs. Bulstrode. “My brother would certainly have told me.”

“Well, people have different ways, but I understand that nobody can see Miss Vincy and Mr. Lydgate together without taking them to be engaged. However, it is not my business. Shall I put up the pattern of mittens?”

After this Mrs. Bulstrode drove to her niece with a mind newly weighted. She was herself handsomely dressed, but she noticed with a little more regret than usual that Rosamond, who was just come in and met her in walking dress, was almost as expensively equipped. Mrs. Bulstrode was a feminine, smaller edition of her brother, and had none of her husband's low-toned pallor. She had a good honest glance and used no circumlocution.

“You are alone, I see, my dear,” she said, as they entered the drawing-room together, looking round gravely. Rosamond felt sure that her aunt had something particular to say, and they sat down near each other. Nevertheless, the quilling inside Rosamond's bonnet was so charming that it was impossible not to desire the same kind of thing for Kate, and Mrs. Bulstrode's eyes, which were rather fine, rolled round that ample quilled circuit while she spoke.

“I have just heard something about you that has surprised me very much, Rosamond.”

“What is that, aunt?” Rosamond's eyes also were roaming over her aunt's large embroidered collar.

“I can hardly believe it—that you should be engaged without my knowing it—without your father's telling me.” Here Mrs. Bulstrode's eyes finally rested on Rosamond's, who blushed deeply, and said,

“I am not engaged, aunt.”

“How is it that every one says so, then—that it is the town's talk?”

“The town's talk is of very little consequence, I think,” said Rosamond, inwardly gratified.

“Oh, my dear, be more thoughtful; don't despise your neighbors so. Remember you are turned twenty-two now, and you will have no fortune: your father, I am sure, will not be able to spare you any thing. Mr. Lydgate is very intellectual and clever; I know there is an attraction in that. I like talking to such men myself; and your uncle finds him very useful. But the profession is a poor one here. To be sure, this life is not every thing; but it is seldom a medical man has true religious views—there is too much pride of intellect. And you are not fit to marry a poor man.”

“Mr. Lydgate is not a poor man, aunt. He has very high connections.”

“He told me himself he was poor.”

“That is because he is used to people who have a high style of living.”

“My dear Rosamond, *you* must not think of living in high style.”

Rosamond looked down and played with her reticule. She was not a fiery young lady and had no sharp answers, but she meant to live as she pleased.

“Then it is really true?” said Mrs. Bulstrode, looking very earnestly at her niece. “You are thinking of Mr. Lydgate: there is some understanding between you, though your father doesn't know. Be open, my dear Rosamond: Mr. Lydgate has really made you an offer?”

Poor Rosamond's feelings were very unpleasant. She had been quite easy as to Lydgate's feeling and intention, but now when her aunt put this question she did not like being unable to say Yes. Her pride was hurt, but her habitual control of manner helped her.

“Pray excuse me, aunt. I would rather not speak on the subject.”

“You would not give your heart to a man without a decided prospect, I trust, my dear. And think of the two excellent offers I know of that you have refused!—and one still within your reach, if you will not throw it away. I knew a very great beauty who married badly at last by doing so. Mr. Ned Plymdale is a nice young man—some might think good-looking; and an only son; and a large business of that kind is better than a profession. Not that marrying is every thing. I would have you seek first the kingdom of God. But a girl should keep her heart within her own power.”

“I should never give it to Mr. Ned Plymdale, if it were. I have already refused him. If I loved I should love at once and without change,” said Rosamond, with a great sense of being a romantic heroine, and playing the part prettily.

“I see how it is, my dear,” said Mrs. Bulstrode, in a melancholy voice, rising to go. “You have allowed your affections to be engaged without return.”

“No, indeed, aunt,” said Rosamond, with emphasis.

“Then you are quite confident that Mr. Lydgate has a serious attachment to you?”

Rosamond's cheeks by this time were persistently burning, and she felt much mortification. She chose to be silent, and her aunt went away all the more convinced.